



# Mission to London of Mysterious "S. W. Davidson" Told by Daniels

"Mr. S. W. Davidson," American citizen, twenty-four hours after landing was closeted with the British admiralty—Left the United States while it was still neutral—His identity disclosed and the secret instructions given him by the President's order.

**By Josephus Daniels**  
Former Secretary of the Navy

One day in the second week of April, 1917, a passenger liner, having safely negotiated the U-boat perils on a voyage from New York, put into an English port.

Among those who walked the gang plank, and landed on the deck to run the gauntlet of officials and secret service men, was a fairly tall, slim trim figure with a wind-tanned face and grizzled beard, whose civilian garb could not wholly conceal a certain distinction.

## In Touch with Britain

And so the president decided that it was the part of wisdom to discover discreetly the thought and plan of the British admiralty in order that our co-operation might be of a kind to deal the enemy the hardest possible blow.

In March I got into communication with the British admiralty through Ambassador Walter H. Page, and on March 22, 1917, he sent a message saying:

"Mr. Balfour (then first lord of the admiralty) has shown me the informal suggestion conveyed by the navy department regarding closer relations and his reply."

Mr. Page said Mr. Balfour had assured him the British government would fall in heartily with any plan which the United States should propose as soon as relations could be established. Mr. Page further said he had discussed the matter with Mr. Bonar Law, the prime minister; Admiral Jellicoe and others and that all had assured him of their cordial assent to any proposals the United States would be likely to make.

## Ready to Tell Secrets

Mr. Page recommended that we send a United States admiral to London to whom the British admiralty would communicate all the inside information as to British plans and methods of operation. All the doors would be opened to him, he said, and a sort of special staff assigned to give him the results of the whole naval work since the war began. Many things, he thought, which could not be committed safely to writing could be disclosed in this way.

The president directed that word should be conveyed at once to Ambassador Page of the purpose of the United States to avail itself of this proposal.

The ship's passenger list showed the name, among others, of "Mr. S. W. Davidson." By this name the gentleman had been known to his traveling companions. It may be questioned if any of them had suspected that he was other than an American citizen, engaged in some matter of urgent private business, which induced him to run risks at a time when nobody was so voyaging who lacked the compelling motive of duty or necessity.

## Sims Alias Davidson

Mr. Davidson went through the routine procedure, and finally emerged from the grip of officialdom, to take train for London.

Within twenty-four hours after his arrival he was closeted in the British capital with the highest authorities in the British admiralty. Then his disguise was cast aside, and he appeared in his proper person as Rear Admiral W. S. Sims of the United States Navy.

When Admiral Sims reached London we were already in the war.

The news of action on the part of the congress reached him while he was still at sea. He had left under orders in anticipation of the impending decision, and the story of how we came to send him is one of the most interesting chapters in the earlier stages of our participation.

When the diplomatic break had been made with Germany it was evident that no long period could intervene before we would find it necessary to assume the role of a belligerent. The president was anxious that in such event the navy should be ready to do its part without a moment's delay. In every detail of preparation within the power of the secretary of the navy's department, and the officers of the navy, it had been ready for weeks. But it was essential that there should be complete understanding with the allied powers, and particularly with the naval authorities of Great Britain, before its preparedness could be utilized effectively.

Thus we planned an early liaison with the British admiralty, so that our navy department might be kept thoroughly informed as to developments and contemplated undertakings. The British and French, naturally, had been most secretive. While our neutrality continued they would not have been justified in revealing any of their secrets. Our naval attaché in London had sent us much information—all in fact, that the British would permit any neutral nation to obtain—but until it was evident that we were about to enter the war the things of vital moment were guarded jealously.

## Important Work at Home

The original intention was to send Admiral Henry B. Wilson, now commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet, and one of the most able and resourceful officers in the American navy. But this intention had to be abandoned at the last moment, owing to the discovery of a perilous situation nearer home which called for his immediate service.

Admiral Wilson was at that time commanding the U. S. S. Pennsylvania. When, following the break in relations, we took a survey of the situation, we realized that if we went to war an imperative duty would be the protection of our own coastal waters from the operations of enemy submarines. Moreover, it would be necessary to prevent, if possible, the shipment of oil from Mexican oil fields to European countries. Oil was a vital necessity for allied naval success, and there was great danger that the Mexican product might find its way into enemy hands.

So it was considered of primary importance to organize a patrol force to guard our coasts and shipping, and to protect allied interests in the sources of oil supply. No one seemed better fitted for this duty than Admiral Wilson; hence it was decided to assign him to this task, and to find someone else to undertake the secret mission to London.

## Calls Sims to Capital

Admiral Sims was president of the war college at that time, and our second choice fell on him. On March 26 I telegraphed him to come to Washington. He arrived on March 28 and came to the navy department the same afternoon.

I opened the interview by telling him, in confidence, that it was our belief the time was at hand when America would enter the war. In such event, I said, we must prepare for the fullest measure of co-operation with the British navy. I commented on the fact that hitherto our information concerning the allied plans and methods of naval warfare had been limited; that we knew little or nothing of what they were doing to combat the U-boat.

I informed him as to the communication we had received from Ambassador Page and the announced readiness of the British admiralty to take us fully into its confidence in order that we might be prepared intelligently to offer immediate and effective co-operation when we entered the war. The president, I told him, had decided to act on the proposal that an American admiral be sent to London to receive the confidences of the British admiralty and to keep us informed on all matters of importance.

## In Spite of Guildhall Speech

And then I said to him: "Admiral Sims, you have been selected for this task."

In the course of the conversation that followed I recalled the speech that he had made some years before at a banquet in the Guildhall, London. In that speech Admiral Sims had said:

"If the time ever come when the British empire is seriously menaced by an external enemy it is my opinion that you may count upon every man, every dollar, every drop of blood of your kindred across the sea."

Referring to this utterance I said to him:

"You have been selected for this mission, not because of your Guildhall speech, but in spite of it."

I added that he had been selected because he had enjoyed intimate associations with the British officers, and it was to be expected that they would be more readily reposed confidence in him and disclose their secrets and that, after we entered the war, their co-operation would be heartily given.

I reminded him, however, that the United States was still neutral, and that until congress should declare war his mission must be a secret and confidential one.

## Must Bottle Up U-Boats

Finally I told him that there were two things on the mind of the president which he would like to have urged upon the consideration of the British admiralty. These things arose out of the belief, based upon such information as we had been able to obtain from our naval attaché and from Ambassador Page, that the submarine menace was more serious than the allies were willing to admit and that no adequate means had yet been found for dealing with this peril. They were:

1. That every effort should be made to prevent the U-boats getting into the Atlantic; that they should be bottled up in their own ports, and that some heroic method should be devised to prevent their ingress and egress.

2. That all ships ought to be convoyed. I told him that the president had been of this opinion for a long time, but that there was a division of opinion on the matter among naval officers of influence in the department, most of whom seemed to agree with the British admiralty, and was unfriendly to the idea. But the president, I assured him, felt the British objections were unsound, and was firmly convinced the only real protection for shipping lay in convoying.

## Sims Gets Secret Orders

So as to preserve absolute secrecy about the mission and departure of Admiral Sims no written order was made detaching him from his duties at Newport. His travel orders were made out that afternoon, and written, I think by the chief of the bureau, himself, to avoid any leakage. These orders were:

"Proceed to a port of Great Britain, leaving the United States on or about March 31, 1917 and on arrival carry out the confidential instructions which have been given you."

Admiral Sims seemed pleased with his mission. As already intimated, he reached London on April 10, reported at once to Ambassador Page and was immediately thereafter admitted to the confidence of the British admiralty. Thus began that splendid co-operation which was carried out with the utmost cordiality between the navies of the United States and Great Britain until the day when the two navies, side by side, received the surrender of the mighty German fleet.

About the "British Chestnuts"

This story might end here were it not that the reader is likely to ask: "What about the sensational state-

ment in the letter to Admiral Sims, that before he sailed he was given the following explicit admonition: 'Don't let the British pull the wool over your eyes. It is none of our business pulling their chestnuts out of the fire. We would as soon fight the British as the Germans.'

I heard of this first in January 1920, when the letter of Admiral Sims was written. He later said the remark was made by Admiral Benson, who, he said, repeated it, or words to like effect, in Paris.

In his testimony under oath, Admiral Sims showed that he attached little significance to it. He said: "I will admit that I had completely forgotten the incident. It was recalled to my mind by a member of my staff who was present and who heard it. I think that the reason I did not remember that distinctly was because I regarded it as a personal idiosyncrasy of the admiral. I had known the general opinion that he was intensely anti-British, but it did not affect me particularly."

## Benson a Loyal Fighter

Of Admiral Benson and his work, Admiral Sims said: "I have always had the best possible personal relations with Admiral Benson. I regard him as an upstanding and honest man who has exceedingly strong convictions and who is very firm in adhering to these convictions. I believe everything he has done during the war has been done conscientiously and to get along with the war."

In view of this statement and the known fact that Admiral Benson and everybody else in the navy earnestly co-operated with the British, and that Admiral Benson played a large part in perfecting this co-operation before Admiral Sims reached London, I think there is no occasion for any further allusion to this remark. It went up like a rocket. It came down like a stick.

(Another article by 'former Secretary Daniels will be printed next week.)

## ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE NO DOCTORS!

The Doctor Was Not Much Needed Until Folks Began to Break Nature's Laws.

## Doctors Preach Prevention Is Better Than Cure.

Ninety per cent of all disease is preventable, so doctors say. Eat simple food, exercise wisely, sleep sufficiently, and—what is vitally important—make sure of the daily, regular, thorough elimination of body waste, and the chances are nine to one that you will keep well, work efficiently and enjoy life. Bowel elimination of food and tissue waste is all-important. But in case of irregularity, disorders or imperfect action, do not make the common mistake of taking harsh, violently acting medicines, with the idea of forcing the bowels to act. Nature believes in mild persuasion. She responds best to persuasion.

So in selecting a simple remedy to regulate and assure proper bowel action, you should not use harsh or violently acting remedies, no matter how much has been claimed for them. You should choose some well-known, time tested, trial proven remedy, that has made its reputation by being used for many years, by all sorts of people, all over the world. Take Beecham's Pills for example. Beecham's is a household word, has been for many generations. Beecham's Pills is a household remedy, not only take Beecham's but recommend Beecham's to their friends. Their use is handed down from father to son or from mother to daughter, from one generation to another. Did you ever hear any complaint or criticism of Beecham's? Isn't that a pretty powerful endorsement of their worth? Druggists are glad to sell Beecham's.



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J. O. Henderson, Bedford St. says: "For some time I was troubled with my kidneys. Often I had had headaches and severe pains in the small of my back. At such times I could hardly bend over, the pains would catch me in my back and cause so much misery. I started the use of Doan's Kidney Pills and they did me so much good that I have kept on taking them. Now I have no more headaches or backaches and I have never felt better."

Price 60¢ at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Henderson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Candid Hostess  
"Do make yourself at home, ladies," said the fluttering bride when a group of friends called to congratulate her on her marriage. "I'm at home now and I want you all to be."—American Legion Weekly.

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

# Sunday School 'Lesson'

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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## LESSON FOR OCTOBER 2

### PAUL IN CORINTH.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 18:1-23.  
GOLDEN TEXT—I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.—I Cor. 2:2.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—I Cor. 2:1-5; 4:12; II Co. 11:7-9.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Tentmaking and Teaching.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Paul Working and Preaching in Corinth.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Teaching and Tentmaking in Corinth.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Paul in a Commercial Center.

The establishment of the church at Corinth is an example of missionary endeavor for all ages. The method employed, which resulted in success then, will result in success now.

I. The True Missionary Method (vv. 1-3).

Paul came to Corinth a stranger in a strange city. He did not have an advance agent to do his advertising; neither did he have his photograph put in the daily paper with sensational announcements, upon his arrival in Corinth. He did not have a trained singer with him; neither did he have his salary guaranteed. His method in gaining a foothold in Corinth was as follows:

1. Finding a home (v. 2). This he found with Aquila and Priscilla, Jews who were recently expelled from Rome by the cruel edict of Claudius. Being Jews, he found natural affinity with them.

2. He tolled for his daily bread (v. 3). He was of the same craft with them, being tentmakers. Every child among the Jews was taught some trade by means of which he could gain a livelihood should occasion require. One of the rabbis said that he who failed to teach his boy a trade taught him to steal.

II. Preaching in the Synagogue at Corinth (vv. 4-5).

1. Though compelled to toll for a living while getting a foothold in Corinth, he did not lose sight of his main work (v. 4). He reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, persuading the Jews and Greeks.

2. His activity was increased when Silas and Timothy came (v. 5). This resulted from three causes: (1) They brought good news from the church at Thessalonica (I Thess. 3:6). To hear of the steadfastness of those who had confessed Christ under our ministry puts new vigor into our labors. (2) They brought pecuniary gifts from the Macedonian churches (Philip. 4:15; II Cor. 11:9). Being relieved from the necessity of toil for a living, they now could devote more time and energy to the preaching of the gospel. (3) Silas and Timothy became assistants to Paul in the work, thereby strengthening his hands so as to enable him to accentuate his efforts.

3. Paul opposed (v. 6). His increased activity was met with increased opposition. This can always be expected.

4. Paul announces his purpose to turn to the Gentiles (v. 6). Because of their blasphemy and opposition he ceased to work among the Jews. There is a time when good judgment causes one to abandon work where efforts have been fruitless, but it is difficult to know just when to do it.

5. He did not go far away (v. 7). He remained sufficiently near that those whose hearts God touched could easily find him. It is likewise true that although Christ is obliged to depart from the soul that refuses Him entrance, He lingers with yearning love around that heart.

6. His success (v. 8). Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, was converted. Perhaps the severity of his action in turning away from them moved Crispus to action.

III. Paul's Vision (vv. 9-11).

His experiences since coming to Europe were very trying. He needed encouragement at this time. It is just like the Lord to come at the time of the servant's greatest need. Note the Lord's words to him:

1. "Be not afraid." When one is executing the commission of the Lord he need not be afraid.

2. "Speak, and hold not thy peace." The one who has heard the voice of God cannot refrain from speaking—cannot be still.

3. "I am with thee." The Lord is with everyone who faithfully carries out his commission.

4. "No man shall set on thee to hurt thee." The one sent by the Lord to do a work is immune from danger and harm until his work is done.

5. "I have much people in this city." It is most encouraging to know that in the great cities the Lord has His own people and that the one who goes in His name shall have fruit for his service.

Bible Classes Necessary.  
Bible classes are as necessary to a healthy parochial life as are any other religious agencies, and the priest who neglects them because they seem to him old-fashioned or connected with the Protestant sectarian system lays himself open to great blame. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my paths."—Dean Larned.

The Builder of All Things.  
Every house is builded of some man; but he that built all things is God.—Hebrews 3:4.

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**Ed. D. Heckerman**

The Druggist

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First Trolley Car.

The first street car in the world operated with a wire suspended overhead, commonly known as a trolley wire, was in Kansas City, May 1, 1885, on a line south of Westport, an extension beyond what was then known as the "Westport Horse Car Line."

**DR. FAHRENEY**

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THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, each with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Weighing Without Scales.

The resourcefulness of the Irish is shown in their method of weighing without scales. "To weigh a pig," said an Irishman the other day, "all ye have to do is to lay a plank across a sawhorse, place a big stone on one end of the plank and the pig on the other, then shift the plank until the two things balance. Then ye guess the weight of the stone and ye have the weight of the pig."—Boston Transcript.

The Bible Translation.

Landor said that "to talk well we must drop our Greek and Latin out of sight," and Coleridge thought it "a kind of providence that our Bible was translated about the time of the greatest strength of the language."—A. Bronson Alcott.



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1226 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

## No Hat Outclasses the Sailor



FOR sports, for travel, for street wear, there is no hat that outclasses the sailor, and therefore it returns with every season, summer and winter, in unending variations. It seems impossible that one type of hat could present itself in such an exhaustless number of modifications of the original sailor shape, but width of brim, height and shape of crown, character of material used and other items in the construction of sailors, make the endless little points of difference that maintains interest in this trim bit of headwear.

The sailor hat, like the cloth tailored suit, for which it makes so good a companion, should be selected in as good a quality as one can afford to buy. Being so simple, it must have something to offer that is noteworthy, and this something is found in fine materials and irreproachable workmanship. At the upper left of the group a lovely example appears with square crown of hatter's plush and brim of milan hemp, faced with the same braid in white. The contour of the brim edge is soft and rolls upward a little. For neatness and trimness

such a sailor invites comparison with other styles of headwear. Its band is of heavy grosgrain ribbon.

Another black satin, similar in shape, but banded with a wide faille ribbon, appears at the right in a rough, high luster braid. Its brim also rolls slightly. Between the two, a small sailor, which has been shown in many colors, appears in gray, with band of pale gray ribbon. It has a straight brim, which one finds often supporting an upright length of hair braid about its edge and boasting a cluster of cherries matching it in color.

Two aristocrats in milan complete the group, one at the left, in navy blue, has a flange of blue satin on the under brim and a drape of the satin about its crown. The large buckle at the side is made of the milan braid. The straight-brimmed, square-crowned sailor in black milan at the right is suitably finished with a band of heavy faille ribbon.

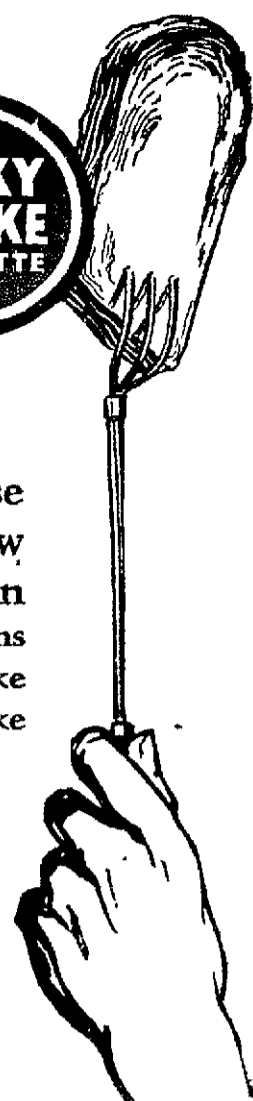
*Julia Bottomley*

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Of course you know the reason why millions of men like Lucky Strike Cigarette

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## The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1921 Western Newspaper Union)

He that riseth late must trot all day.—Poor Richard.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT.

For a small family fond of chop suey, a home-made variety will be found most appetizing.

**Chop Suey.**—Cut celery into two-inch strips, then shred, not too thin; cut one onion in bits. Fry one pound of very thinly sliced round steak, which is cut into inch squares, in suet fat. When brown, add a little water and simmer, adding more water until the meat has cooked an hour, then add the vegetables, salt, pepper and a half teaspoonful of sugar with two or three tablespoonfuls of fish sauce, which comes in small bottles, retailing for twenty cents. The amount of seasoning depends upon the taste; a spoonful or two of caramel (brown sugar and water) adds a richness of color which makes the product more like the Chinese chop suey.

**Junket Ice Cream.**—This is not a new dish, but the sauce used with it makes a rather unusual one. To one quart of rich milk and one cupful of cream, warm to lukewarm, add one junket tablet, dissolved in a tablespoonful of water, mix well, add one cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of vanilla; pour into the freezer can and let stand in a warm room until the junket is set, then chill and freeze as usual. When ready to serve, put the cream in long stemmed glasses and serve with

**Butterscotch Sauce.**—Put into a double boiler, set over boiling water, one cupful of cream, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of dark corn syrup, mix thoroughly and let cook over boiling water for one hour; then beat in one dessertspoonful of butter and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

**A Delicate Frozen Dish.**—Heat a pint of cream, remove from the fire and add one-half cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla; stir until the sugar is dissolved, then freeze. Cook one-half cupful of sugar with water to dissolve until it spins a thread, pour over a beaten egg white and beat briskly until cold. When the cream is partly frozen, open the can, scrape down the sides and turn in the frosting. Repack and stir until frozen. Serve with a thick hot maple sauce, flavored with vanilla, and add chopped walnuts. Serve hot over the cream.

*Nellie Maxwell*

**Two Could Play That Game.**

A hundred years ago a wealthy bachelor, named Paige, who lived near Albion, N. Y., gave a party; one of the young ladies left a glove. Mr. Paige returned it with the following note: "If from your glove you take the letter G, that glove is love and that I have for thee." The young lady replied: "If from your name you take the letter P, that Paige is age and that won't do for me." The story is touched for by a friend of the Outlook, whose grandmother had it at first hand.—The Outlook.

**A Sure Reminder.**

Perhaps the most original suggestion for a "reminder" was that of the little boy whose grandmother had forgotten his birthday present the year before. She wished to know what she could do in order that she should not forget it again. "You might put your teeth in upside down," said the boy.

## Hilda Becomes Engaged

By WILLIAM FALL.

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"Don't stand in your own light, Hilda. Mr. Armitage is a rising man of business, and many a girl would consider herself lucky to receive the attentions he has shown you."

"Mother, his attentions are more than distasteful to me. I cannot bear to even have him speak to me."

"There are a good many reasons why you should encourage him," declared Hilda Mason's stepmother.

The girl put on her wraps and left her humble home for her daily work.

The worldly advice of her stepmother had made little impression upon Hilda. James Armitage was practically her employer. He was in full charge of the silk factory of Meserve & Co., one of several operated by that wealthy firm.

Armitage had come to the plant about a year previous. From the first Hilda had felt repelled by him.

Armitage had seemed to take a fancy to Hilda, as the thoughtless Mrs. Mason put it in her shallow way. When on two occasions recently he had asked permission to take Hilda to places of entertainment, she had not enjoyed his company, and was glad to get home again.

Hilda evaded Armitage, and twice when he called managed to get out of the way. Hence her stepmother's advice.

A new interest came into the life of Hilda one day. Armitage passed through the sample department accompanied by a bright-faced athletic young man. The latter seemed interested in everything he saw. Something about the neat, graceful Hilda held his glance. She noticed it and flushed, but his look was so pleasant she could not feel offended.

"He is a Mr. Harold Macy," a companion told Hilda. "He has come well recommended to Mr. Armitage, and is going to be a kind of overseer."

Armitage was absent for several days inspecting another mill. It was a happy week for Hilda. The new employee passed through her department frequently. From the first he had a pleasant word for her. Then he began to question her about her work and its details. One evening he was strolling past her home when he met her. There was a band concert going on in the public square. The young man asked for her company there. Both enjoyed the concert.

Mrs. Mason gave Hilda a great lecture when she got home. "Spoiling her chances," "out of respect for Mr. Armitage," were some of the pointed phrases she used.

A few evenings later young Macy called at the Mason home. But for the glum looks of Mrs. Mason, it was a second happy occasion for Hilda.

Armitage, returned, came into the room where she sat at work next

morning. He was pale and stern looking. He forced a smile as if asking a welcome.

"I heard of your having quite a social time during my absence," insinuated the manager. "Hilda," and he came a step nearer, and his eyes had an eager, sinister glow, "the time has come when circumstances force me to reveal my feelings toward you. I have spoken to your mother; I wish you to become my wife."

"Oh, Mr. Armitage!" breathed Hilda tremulously. "You must not—that is, I cannot—cannot marry you."

"Because, I suppose," sneered the manager with a dark scowl, "you have taken up with this new employee, Macy?"

It was coarsely said. Words and manner were offensive. Hilda bridled.

"Mr. Macy is a gentleman and a dear friend of mine," she said staunchly, as though defending him from aspersion.

"He shall not remain here long to cross my path!" cried Armitage savagely. Armitage sprang towards Hilda and threw an arm around her.

"You shall become my wife," he cried. "I am not used to being crossed in my plans." In excess of emotion the manager attempted to kiss Hilda.

With a scream she beat his face with both her hands.

"That will do," spoke a calm, but masterful voice, and Armitage was hurried to the other end of the room.

"You!" panted the manager, recognizing young Macy, his eyes blazing with fury. "You are discharged from my employ. Out of here at once, or I will have you thrown out."

"Your employ?" replied young Macy. "My man, I advise you to get to the office and be ready for an accounting, which will be demanded of you by my father, the owner of this business. I have telegraphed him, and he will be here tomorrow. A discharged girl employee gave us a hint of your double dealings in dividing sales profits with our clients. I came here under an assumed name to get the details. My correct name is Victor Meserve."

Armitage slunk from the room. With a slight twinkle in his eye, young Meserve turned to the astonished Hilda.

"Miss Mason—Hilda," he said, "judging from what you just told that man, you intend to remain a spinster. Still, recalling your kind words about myself, I must hope that you will allow me one favor."

"What—what is it?" faltered Hilda, red as a rose.

"To ask your parents if we may be come engaged," was the earnest reply and Hilda did not say him nay.

**The Right Sequence.**

"A topline quotation in a contemporary runs: 'Tell me my faults and mend your own.' Before starting any other mending, neighbor, suppose we first mend the motto so as to get the proper sequence. Isn't this better: 'Mend your own faults and then tell me mine.'"—Boston Transcript.

**Saw the Sunny Side.**

A little fellow of seven, whose optimism was a perpetual surprise to his parents, was being punished by his father. He was sprawling across his parent's knees, and after about six strokes of the cane he muttered to himself: "It won't matter. I don't sit down much."—London Tit-Bits

**Why It Exists.**

An Arizona entomologist claims to have discovered usefulness in the chigger. We don't know what it is, but our guess is that the chigger exists solely for the purpose of giving people something to do when they might otherwise be comfortably doing nothing.

**Lines to Be Remembered.**

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own; and he who profits by a superior understanding raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding that he unites with.—Edmund Burke.

BEDFORD GAZETTE

VICTOR E. P. BARKMAN  
Editor and Publisher

Regular subscription price per year 2.00, payable in advance and \$2.50 if paid within the year.

All communications should be addressed to  
Gazette Publishing Co.,  
Bedford, Pa.

The Gazette is the leading newspaper of Bedford County and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium it is one of the best in this part of the state.

Card of Thanks \$1.00, Resolutions of Respect, \$2.00 Obituary Poetry 5c per line Memorial poetry 5c per line.

Friday, September 30, 1921.

Entered at the Post Office at Bedford Pa. as second class matter.

WHY THERE IS NO PROSPERITY

There is nothing in Mr. Harding's speech before the Unemployment Conference to indicate that the President has the faintest understanding of the fundamental fact that prosperity is not national but international.

There is nothing to indicate, either that the President appreciates the highly important truth which Governor Miller of New York expresses so bluntly in his speech at the Republican State Convention: "Our people are suffering from a stagnation of business, and one of the most potent causes of our distress is our burdensome, cumbersome and excessive taxation."

Mr. Harding is a kind-hearted man who is sorely distressed because millions of other men cannot find work, and feels that something ought to be done about it. He is the more perplexed because he can find no reason for unemployment. Everything is for the best in the best possible country, and the supreme patriotic duty of everybody is to find a job. As the President puts the case:

Fundamentally sound, financially strong industrially unimpaired, commercially consistent and politically unafraid, there ought to be work for everybody in the United States who chooses to work, and our condition at home and our place in the world depends on everybody going to work and pursuing it with that patriotism and devotion which make for fortunate and happy people.

If the President is saying what he thinks, his state of mind is hopeless. For is he more felicitous when he pictures the present depression as an inevitable consequence of the war, something that could not in any respect have been avoided and therefore to be accepted in a spirit of Oriental fatalism:

Liquidation, reorganization, readjustment, re-establishment, taking account of things done and the sober contemplation of things to be done, the finding of firm ground and the open, sure and onward way—all these are part of the inevitable, and he who thinks they might have been avoided by this plan or that, or this policy or that, or this international relationship or that, only bugs a delusion when reason is needed for a safe guide.

These are mere words. The truth is, of course, that while part of this economic depression was inevitable, much of it might have been avoided if the influences and resources of the United States had been employed two years ago to stabilize the peace of Europe and halt its further economic disintegration.

Much could have been gained too if Mr. Harding's own party, when it was in control of Congress during the last two years of the second Wilson Administration, had devoted itself seriously to the reconstruction legislation that the economic conditions of the country so imperatively demanded. It was not too late, even when Mr. Harding was inaugurated, to check the industrial panic that was under way. Had Congress thrown everything else aside, cut expenditures to the very bone regardless of every other consideration and made a sweeping revision of taxation, business might still have struggled to its feet.

The cold brutal truth is that, instead of using its power to maintain prosperity, Mr. Harding's party has been using its power to destroy prosperity. That was not its intention but that has been the result. It has been trying to live in a world that no longer exists, and the consequences of such political delusions are almost certain to be disastrous.

The way to revive business is for Government to give it a chance to revive. It cannot revive under a taxation system that bleeds it white or under an international policy that obstructs the restoration of confidence and credit and makes it impossible for Europe to buy what America produces. Give business a chance for its life and the unemployment problem will take care of itself.

DEATH OF CHILD

Eliza Wertz, 18 months old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wertz died Sunday at the parents' home near Centerville. Burial was made at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning in the Centerville cemetery.

ST. JOHNS REFORMED CHURCH

Rev. J. Albert Eyler, Pastor  
Sunday School 9:45 A. M. Divine worship, with sermon by the pastor at 11 A. M. At 7:30 the message will be brought by the Rev. S. J. Taylor, D. D. of Altoona. A place and a welcome for you.

Common and Preferred Stock.

Holders of preferred stock are entitled to dividends in advance of common stock holders and also to a claim on the property ahead of the common stock. The customary way is to provide for a limited dividend on preferred stock, which must be paid before common stock holders are entitled to dividends.

Andrew Forrest  
Andrew Forrest, a veteran of the Civil War, died Sunday morning at his home, after a two months' illness of general debility. He was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest and was born 79 years ago near the Old Portage tunnel. He resided for several years in Johnstown but most of his life was passed in Sulphur Springs. He was a member of Co. F, 188th regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, during the Civil war. Surviving are his widow, Anna Collins Forrest, and the following children: Mrs. Mary E. Doherty, New York City; J. J. Forrest, Seattle, Wash.; D. J. Forrest, Johnstown; A. E. Forrest, Somerset; M. J. Forrest at home, and Anna M. Forrest, Missouri. He is survived by three brothers, John, Robert and Thomas Forrest, all of Sulphur Springs, two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock when a solemn high mass at requiem was said in St. Patrick's Catholic church, Johnstown, by the Rev. Father Philip Bohan. Interment in St. John's Catholic cemetery at Geistown.

Mrs. Fannie Mock

Mrs. Fannie Guyer Mock died near Woodbury on Sunday night, September 25, aged 79 years and 7 months. She was the widow of the late Samuel S. Mock, who died fifteen years ago. She was the second wife of Mr. Mock who was a Civil war veteran, they resided at Waterside on a farm until after his death when she visited at Woodbury. She was respected by all and was known by everyone as "Fanny Mock".

Becoming enfeebled by age, she was taken into the home of David Mock, the son of her husband by his first wife, an dthe family generously cared for her in her declining years. She was a member of the Bethel church.

Funeral services were held Tuesday in the church at Waterside and interment made at New Enterprise, with Rev. W. H. Snyder officiating. Three of her brothers, Jacob Guyer, of Roaring Spring, David Guyer and Lewis Guyer, in the west, survive her.

MILLER-SHAFFER

Rev. Clewell E. Miller, retiring pastor of the Calvary Evangelical church, of Cumberland, and Miss Grace Anabel Shaffer of the same place were united in marriage on Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock by Rev. J. O. Bishop.

Rev. Miller is well known in Bedford County having been a former resident at Alum Bank. His bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shaffer, of South Cumberland.

The couple will visit points in Pennsylvania on their ten-day honeymoon trip, after which they will be at home in Connelville. Rev. Miller having been assigned to the First Evangelical church at that place. They have the best wishes of many friends.

PARTY

A play party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Custer of Schellburg in honor of the young folks on Thursday evening. A fine lunch was served and the evening was spent in playing games. The following who were present, reported a fine time:

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Custer, Misses Freda, Jennie, Julia, Ophy and Ruth Custer, Della Bence, Stella Morgan, Hazel, Mabel, Gladys, Mildred, Beatrice and Cleo Miller, Jessie Manges, Stella Onstead, Frances Mitchell, Bessie and Amanda Mock, Rosie Felix, Ruth and Cleo Blackburn, Dora Mickel, Messrs. Fred, Thomas and Charles Custer, Bruce, Francis and Arthur Miller, Clyde and Henry Wertz, Raymond and Kenneth Turner, Edgar and Harry Findley, John Bence, Harvey Shull, Roswell Smith, George, Ralph and Earl Weyant, George Rock, Clark, Clair and Homer Blackburn, William Phillips, Richard Rose, Bert Crawford, Oscar Dull, Lloyd Mickel, Irvine Stickler, Merle Frazier, Mervin Frazier, Paul Egolf, Orval Beegle, Donald Kallman, Kline Shaffer and Irvin Hinson.

Hut Was Taken.

"We had a lot of guests to dinner one evening," writes Mrs. W. G. "and in serving the chicken my husband overlooked our little daughter Elsie. She sat there with a disappointed look on her face for a while, then a thought struck her. She crumpled a piece of bread on her empty plate and holding it up she beckoned to the dish of chicken saying coaxingly, 'Here chick, chick, chick! Here chick! Here chick!' There was a roar of laughter and Elsie was quickly served."—Boston Transcript.

Gates in a Roman Camp.

The "praetorian gate" was the name of the front gate in a Roman camp. It was always the gate that faced the enemy. Every Roman camp had four gates. The decuman gate" was opposite to the praetorian gate, and was the farthest from the enemy. The gates on the right and left sides of the camp were called respectively the porta principalis dextra and the porta principalis sinistra.

Not a Chance.

A stranger reported to a police officer that his grip, overcoat and umbrella were stolen before he was in town two hours, and he said: "There will be an awful reckoning in this burg when Gabriel blows his horn over it."—Lackawanna Journal.

Final Choice.

Wifey (showing new bonnet to hubby)—The milliner thought that flowers were the most becoming to me and I have always adored feathers, so we finally compromised by putting on some fruit.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE ITEMS

Erie.—Thomas H. Randolph, the Sharon bookseller who, it is alleged kidnapped his self and demanded \$50,000 ransom, is lodged in the Erie county jail, where he is awaiting trial, before federal court next week, on the charge of using the mails in an attempt to defraud. Randolph declined to make any statement. "I'll wait until after my trial before doing any talking," he said. Randolph seemed cheerful, although he did not look the part. He has not shaved for a week and he looks haggard. However, he talks cheerfully and says he is not worried.

Uniontown.—Friends all their lives, Paul Markus and Thomas Caslina, both of Lemont, admitted a knife duel after drinking moonshine whisky. As a result Caslina was sent to the Uniontown Hospital suffering from severe stab wounds. In court it was stated that the men were the best of friends, walking together up the street for some distance shortly before the trouble. After they had disposed of a bottle of moonshine whisky both drew knives, it is said, and the duel was on. Markus entered a plea of guilty to charges of assault and battery, aggravated assault and battery and unlawful cutting.

Harrisburg.—Farmers have been warned to sow wheat late and avoid the Hessian fly plague.

Uniontown.—Six arrests were made and a large quantity of liquor seized by state police and county detectives in a campaign started against violators of the prohibition law. At the home of Joseph Bach, at Dearth, near here, officers said they found five barrels of moonshine whisky, thirty-five cases of a ginger beverage, one-half barrel of "pick handle" and one barrel of "strength and terror." Bach was arrested. At the home of J. Feigus here the officers said they confiscated ninety-three quarts of bonded whisky.

Shenandoah.—The body of Julius Malkonis, 41 years old and single, was found hanging in the shelter shanty in the Lithuanian Cemetery on Locust Mountain. The dead man had been missing from his boarding house here since Monday. A mystery surrounds his death, and Chief Burgess Magallino is making a thorough investigation.

Harrisburg.—Pennsylvania hens produced 75,998,172 dozen eggs, in 1919, valued at \$43,318,958.40, according to the state department of agriculture. Department officials, however, believe egg production can be materially increased if chicken raisers eliminate "free boarding houses for lice and mites." One-third more eggs than were produced in 1919 will be produced, department officials say, if the lice and mites are eradicated, and will add \$14,000,000 more to the revenues of the chicken raisers. If leghorns do not produce 125 eggs a year and barred rocks 100 eggs a year, he department advises that they be looked after.

Greensburg.—Pete Greag, alleged to have shot and killed Michael Garondis, 40, at the home of Joe Clement at the Columbia Plate Glass sand plant, near Millwood, is still at large. A detail of state police, with bloodhounds, are in pursuit.

Harrisburg.—The state industrial board to formulate rules for governing display of motion pictures for educational purposes in churches, lodge halls, etc., has been called to meet in Philadelphia, October 4. Criticisms made at Philadelphia and Pittsburgh hearings will be presented and recommendations made for the meeting of the board on October 11.

Greensburg.—Ell Bannish, of Export, charged with the murder of Rade Cukmanovich, was arrested by state police. Mrs. Korchic and Rede Wisnick, of Export, were arrested and detained as material witness.

Pittsburgh.—William J. Mercer was killed and two other persons injured when an automobile in which they were riding collided with a street car.

Altoona.—Struck by an automobile driven by Policeman Harry E. Layton, Verna Norris, aged 4, was killed. She ran in front of the car.

Bethlehem.—When her mother went to the store, Nina, 5-year-old daughter of Louis Detocz, went to the back yard and lit a bonfire. Her clothing caught fire and she was so terribly burned that she died in a short time at St. Luke's Hospital.

Claridge.—Esther, the 4-year-old daughter of Mrs. A. Goodfriend, of this place, fell into a washbowl of hot water at her home and was severely scalded. She will recover.

Northumberland.—A doll 100 years old is a coveted possession of little Miss Rachel Stroh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stroh, of this place.

Everson.—One lad was seriously burned and half a dozen others slightly burned when an oil tank in the railroad yards here exploded.

Harrisburg.—State health officers are watching an illness among foreigners at Steelton, symptoms being similar to smallpox.

Feesburg.—Eleven mills of the American Sheet and Tinplate company, employing 500 men, resumed.

Scottsdale.—After being closed since April 20, the Meadow Mill of the American Steel and Tin Plate company here resumed, giving work to 400 men.

Hazleton.—Council appropriated \$5000 to the highway department to repair streets ruined by heavy rains in August.

Scranton.—The Lackawanna County Medical Society has decided to erect a permanent home in Scranton.

Bethlehem.—The Bethlehem Taxpayers' League, which conducted a legal battle in the Northampton county courts a few years ago to obtain a reduction of property assessments in this city, has begun a civil suit against the Bethlehem school board to recover about \$20,000 in excess school taxes alleged to have been paid by the several hundred members of the league.

Connellsville.—So loud is the new fire alarm whistle that persons living in the vicinity have filed a complaint with city council, charging that the whistle is a public nuisance. An effort will be made to muffle the whistle.

Mount Carmel.—When their horse was scared by a flock of birds and ran away and upset their carriage, Joseph Hepler, a Pitman farmer, sustained a fractured skull and arm and died at the Fountain Springs Hospital. His wife was badly bruised and their 3-year-old son, John, broke an arm.

Scranton.—Joel Bullock, 45 years old, of Union, Wayne county, separated from his wife, attempted to shoot her and his daughter. Both fell unharmed, and believing he had shot them, he turned the pistol on himself with fatal results.

New Castle.—Police began a probe into the death of Albert J. White, aged 18, who died in a local hospital as the result of a bullet wound. When admitted to the hospital White refused to state how the wound was inflicted, other than that it was accidental. The nature of the wound would make it almost impossible to have been self-inflicted.

Chester.—During a ball game near Lester, fire broke out at the home of Peter Kornofsky, who conducts a piggery along Island road. The fire originated in the dwelling which was soon destroyed. The strong wind carried the flames to the piggery and in less than an hour all of the buildings were laid waste and some 300 well-developed young pigs were roasted alive.

Sunbury.—Jumping from a moving van in front of a street car, Frank Roush, 38, father of three children, suffered a fractured skull, from the effects of which he died at the Mary M. Packer hospital.

New Castle.—Lawrence county farmers are becoming alarmed over the depredations of a gang of thieves who are making off with many young pigs. The gang does its work systematically, butchering the stolen animals on the property of their victims. Twice during the past week instances of this nature have occurred and a third was reported to the police when Harry Fush, of East New Castle, stated that he had lost a valuable animal.

Leechburg.—Three robbers blew open the safe of the Pennsylvania railroad station here and escaped in an automobile with about \$400 in cash, tickets and mileage books. The ticket office was wrecked by the explosion.

New Castle.—After having deliberated for nine hours upon the case against Mike Chelman, charged with selling liquor, Mrs. Ellen Wallis, member of the jury which heard the evidence, became hysterical and it was necessary to call a physician to attend her. She was discharged from the jury upon agreement of the counsel in the case.

Harrisburg.—For the first time the previous ownership of dogs will be taken into consideration in assessing dogs for licensing, under orders about to be issued by the state department of agriculture, which will take over the administration of the dog laws in January. All assessors will be required to list dogs and will be paid accordingly, after January, and in order to trace animals and make sure of licenses, the names of previous owners will be noted.

Chester.—Finding the cot that had been occupied for the last three weeks by Stephen Colletta, 33, empty, nurses at the Chester Hospital notified the police and they went on a hunt for the erstwhile patient. Colletta was found in his home and returned to the institution. He was injured in a shooting fray.

Uniontown.—Apparently recovered from a recent illness, former Sheriff James H. Hoover, who, September 15, celebrated his seventy-eighth anniversary, became suddenly ill after partaking of a hearty breakfast and died within a short time. He was sole owner of the Hoover Coal company holdings at Ache Junction.

Uniontown.—After a debate of two hours, a jury in the case in which Cora Crosby, a negress, was charged with the murder of Oretta Noyes, returned a verdict of manslaughter. On the witness stand the defendant declared that the shooting was a case of mistaken identity, as, when she fired the shot, she believed the victim was Levina Fulton, who just a few minutes before had thrown a lamp at her, which struck her in the face. She declared she had no grievance against the Noyes woman, and that the Fulton woman had threatened her, following a quarrel about a man.

Erie.—Northwestern Pennsylvania has less than half its usual grape crop.

Gap.—John K. Lytle, 9, living near here, died from injuries caused by an automobile.

Altoona.—Theophilus S. Mintyre, aged 70, a retired Pennsylvania railroad employe, was found dead in an Altoona Park.

Dallastown.—York incorporators will operate a silk mill here capitalized at \$75,000.

Tybens.—The one hundred and twenty-second session of the East Pennsylvania annual conference of the United Brethren in Christ will be held here September 27 to October 3.

Hazleton.—The Primitive Methodist Conference raised the minimum salary for pastors from \$1200 to \$1500 annually.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF

# The Cumberland Fair

AT CUMBERLAND, MD.

4 DAYS 4 NIGHTS

## OCTOBER 4-5-6-7

Annual Agricultural, Horticultural, Live Stock, Poultry and Pet Stock

EXHIBIT

\$6,000.00 IN PREMIUMS

WEST VIRGINIA COUNTIES

Mineral, Hampshire, Berkeley, Grant, Hardy, Morgan

MARYLAND COUNTIES

Alleghany, Garrett, Washington

PENNSYLVANIA COUNTIES

Bedford, Somerset, Fulton

POULTRY EXHIBIT OPEN

\$6,000.00 IN PREMIUMS

CUMBERLAND FAIR ASSOCIATION, INC.

For particulars on anything connected with the Cumberland Fair address VIRGIL C. POWELL, Secretary, Cumberland, Md.

## LAHER'S

### The Ice Cream of Quality

The true fruit gives it that good taste.

We serve Ices, Sherbets and Combination Brick.

Eat a plate of our week end special Bisque

It's good.

## WONDERFUL GAIN IN WEIGHT RESTORED

Young Woman Only Weighed 76 Pounds—Now Weighs Over 100 And is Gaining Every Day.

"Before I began taking Tanlac I only weighed 76 pounds, I now weigh over one hundred and am gaining every day," said Miss LaRue Davis, of Chattanooga, Tenn.

"I bought my first bottle of Tanlac at Gas City, Ind., and it helped me so much that I continued using it. I have always been very delicate and suffered a great deal from stomach trouble and rheumatism. I rarely ever had any appetite and simply could not relish anything. I fell off until I only weighed 76 pounds and was so thin I looked perfectly awful. This is the condition I was in when I began taking Tanlac.

"Oh, I feel so different now. Even my complexion is improved. My appetite is good and I can hardly get enough to eat. Tanlac is simply grand and I can truthfully say it is the only medicine that has ever done me any good."—Advertisement.

HAMMOND—CORDYACK

Mr. Charles Hammond, of Saxton and Miss Victoria Reta Cordyack, of Osceola Mills, were married in Altoona Monday afternoon by Rev. F. P. Fisher. They left on a wedding trip to Detroit and when they return will reside in Osceola Mills where the bridegroom is employed.

Archie Barnes

Archie McCoy Barnes, aged seven months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Barnes, of Inglesmith, died Sunday at the Western Maryland Hospital, Cumberland.

DUNNINGS CREEK CHARGE

Catechising at Fishertown on Saturday, October first at 2 p. m. Pleasant Hill, October 2nd: Sunday School, 9 a. m., preaching at 10, catechising at 11.

FRIEND'S COVE REFORMED CHURCH

Rev. R. R. Jones, Pastor  
Service for Sunday, October 2nd.  
Cove Church at 10:30 a. m.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

When you are in need of building material, sash, shingles, rubberoid roofing, siding, flooring, wall board, beaver board, phone or call on the Davidson Lumber Co. Don't send to commission houses to buy your material. Buy it at home and you can see what you are getting—better goods. These men don't pay any money into your churches or Sunday School. It is doubtful if some of them know what the inside of a church looks like.

Davidson Lumber Co.

July 11.

## JUST RECEIVED

A carload of North Carolina pine. Flooring, ceiling, siding and other choice lumber.

Miller Bros.,  
Mann's Choice, Pa.

## GOOD BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Corner store room in Oppenheimer building lately remodelled. Reasonable rent—Desirable for any business.

R. N. Oppenheimer,  
Bedford, Pa.

Aug. 12.

## FOR SALE

2 Registered shorthorn bulls, 3 and 13 months old. Will sell cheap. Ellis Diehl,  
Lutzville, Pa.

Sept. 2—30 \*

For Sale - Two Good Pool Tables. First Class Condition. J. H. Seifert.

## READ THIS

## NOTHING LIKE IT

Mr. Ross A. Sprigg, Gen. Ag't., Bedford, Pa.  
I have used Reifers More Egg Tonic. I believe it will do all it claims and I would not do without it.

Georgia M. Mower,  
West Pitt St.,  
Bedford, Pa.

Sept 22 Oct. 7 \*

## WANTED

A District Manager or General Agent to sell a complete line of fruits for the orchard and home, roses, shrubs and ornamental trees for landscape work and sell street trees, also to employ sub-agents for nearby territory. Part or full time. Permanent position. Pay weekly. Write Quaker Hill Nurseries, Newark, New York State, and let us tell you the particulars.

## ESTRAY NOTICE

Two weeks ago a stray dog came here. Owner can have him for paying for advertisement and feeding.  
Anson J. Miller,  
Schellburg, Pa.

Sept. 30 Oct. 7.

## Holding the Fort

In good times and bad, since years ago, this bank has kept guard over its customers interests. It still stands at its post stronger than ever and offers you its protection.

Hartley Banking Co.  
BEDFORD, PA.

Oldest Bank in Bedford County

## Cancer of the Toe-Nail.

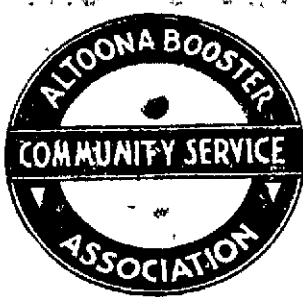
One of the rarest diseases known is cancer of the nail, only four cases being on record. The most recent one is described by Dr. Carlos Chagas of the medical college of Bello Horizonte, Brazil. It is that of a laborer, aged sixty, who had it on the nail of his right great toe. The toe was amputated and the man, apparently cured, disappeared. The toe was examined microscopically and confirmed the diagnosis.

## Incorporated Business.

An incorporated business is one that is owned by a corporation, as distinguished from one owned by an individual or a partnership of individuals. In an incorporated business liability for debts extends only to the property owned by the corporation, whereas an individual doing business in his own name is responsible to the full amount of his possessions.

## Many Wear the Ribbon.

According to a current item, in France nearly 1,000,000 men are entitled to wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, or one in every fifty inhabitants. Long ago Mark Twain said that "few escape it"—Arkansas Gazette.



# Style Quality Value for Price

The three combined briefly tell the truth about Fall merchandise in Altoona Booster stores.

Never have things been so beautiful as this season. Garments for everyone—man, woman or child—outrival those of former years in their seasonable becomingness, and quality for price.

When Altoona Booster merchants launched their Style Show Wednesday, Sept. 14, the stores were ablaze with those things which adorn the person and beautify the home.

Your local merchant DESERVES your patronage. Altoona as the centre of your district REQUESTS your patronage for that which he cannot supply.

Price comparisons for merchandise of equal value will make their own appeal to your better judgment.

YOU SAVE MONEY!

## Altoona Booster Association



## WOODBURY

David Snyder having purchased a house in New Enterprise, has moved from his farm in the comfortable village home.

George Klotz, the garage man at New Enterprise, passed through Woodbury to Altoona for a business transaction. Hed a word of conversation with some of our people enroute.

Elvin Berkheimer has been engaged in making farmers' square crates for use in handling potatoes, apples, corn and other articles that can be measured in bushel lots by these flat crates. He has made over one hundred within the past two months.

Randolph Hoover was on business to New Enterprise on Wednesday afternoon.

Barnes Reininger and two sisters Margurite and Ruth of Waterside auto daily to the South Woodbury High School at New Enterprise. They enjoy this very much.

Arlow Hoover and family autoed on a visit to his parents in South Woodbury a few days ago.

Miss Fox from Philadelphia is spending some time with Mrs. Van Horn at New Enterprise. She is an entertaining lady and enjoying her visit.

A. Z. Pote of Baker's Summit was to South Woodbury on Thursday transacting business and chatting with some of his old friends.

Rev. Chilcot of the Seventh Day Baptist church at Salemville is home from attending their annual conference.

Mr. Van Horn, cashier of the bank at New Enterprise, with his wife and their young son, returned home on last Monday from an extended vacation trip of over a month. They visited at Philadelphia and vicinity and on their home run visited at Washington and other places.

Frank Bolger left home on Wednesday morning to look after his work under the pure food laws.

The election was well attended by voters, male and female in the Woodbury borough and township.

Johnny Detwiler, with his blue car, passed through town en route to Altoona a few days ago. He states that his up-to-date cider mill and apple butter factory can do very little this season because of the shortage of apples in South Woodbury, New Enterprise, Loysburg and Salemville districts.

Frank Fluke of Somerset stopped for a short chat with his uncle, the veteran surveyor, Samuel B. Fluke, a few days ago. His family is summering in their cottage at the Loysburg Gap and Mr. Fluke visits at the camp every two weeks.

John Bolger was an out of town visitor for a few days recently.

Paul Replogle autoed to Bedford on business on Wednesday of this week.

Oscar Kegarise and wife and family of Salemville autoed to New Enterprise and Woodbury transacting business and visiting friends.

Rev. Yoder of New Enterprise was a visitor in this community some days ago. His sister from Meyersdale and his family were with him.

Some farmers are giving much attention to liming their fields. From appearances the lime kilns of Detwiler and Snowberger at Waterside are kept burning at full blast and given strict attention day and night in order to supply the product desired. These are drawn kilns from which lime can be taken each day and a certain quantity of stone and coal thrown into the top each day yet they cannot supply the demand.

Mrs. E. E. Brown has been suffering with typhoid fever and was at the Mercy hospital, Altoona. She has fully recovered and came home to Waterside a few days ago.

Margaret Swartz and Mrs. A. C. Swartz had been visiting friends at Loysburg and Curryville for a few days.

Mrs. C. F. Shriner of Salemville can boast of a dahlia plant measuring eight feet and seven inches in height.

Mrs. Keagarise of South Woodbury with her plump baby girl visited her father Rev. Chilcot at Salemville on Tuesday.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

The undersigned administrators of Henry Hillegass, deceased, will offer at Public Sale on the premises in Hyndman Borough, on Saturday, October 22nd, 1921, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, of decedent.

No. 1 A lot on Cleveland Street in the Borough of Hyndman, having thereon erected a dwelling house and out buildings.

No. 2 A lot on Clarence Street in the Borough of Hyndman, having thereon erected a dwelling house and out buildings.

Terms: 10% on day of sale, balance of one-half on delivery of deed, and the remaining one-half in one year with interest.

Andrew J. Hillegass,  
George A. Hillegass,  
Administrators.

D. C. Reiley,  
Attorney.  
Sept. 30 Oct. 14.

## NEW PARIS

W. A. Black and wife, of Brooklyn, were recent visitors at the home of James B. Stultz.

C. C. Cuppett and wife, of Washington, D. C., spent a few days with friends in this vicinity this week.

Mrs. W. W. Heck, Norman and Joseph B. Cuppett, Mrs. Hilda Kerr, W. C. Beckley and family and W. C. Cuppett and family, of Johnstown, were Bedford county visitors recently.

S. Elias Slick and Charles Nunemaker, of this place, are now registered as students at Otterbin College, Westerville, Ohio.

At the recent annual conference of the United Brethren church held at Altoona the Rev. John Winwood who has served New Paris charge for eight years was assigned to Cambria charge and the Rev. J. H. Lilly, of Cambria charge, was given New Paris charge.

## PUBLIC SALE

The undersigned Administrator of the estate of Harrison Fetter, late of the Township of Bloomfield, County of Bedford, deceased, will offer at public sale on the premises two miles west of Woodbury, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, October 22nd, 1921, at 1 o'clock P. M., all that certain farm containing 100 acres and 48 perches, adjoining lands of McNeal Lumber Company, George R. Inler, George Hoover, George Clouse and others, having thereon erected a good dwelling house, bank barn, summer house with cellar, wagon shed, buggy shed, corn crib and other out buildings, a large cave, well of never failing water, three cisterns, two orchards of all kinds of fruit, 65 acres cleared, the balance in good timber. This farm is in good state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE: 10% cash when the property is struck down, balance upon confirmation of sale and delivery of Deed.

John H. Fetter,  
Adm'r of Harrison Fetter, deceased.  
Alvin L. Little,  
Attorney.



THAT BOY of yours is trying to walk in his father's footsteps. You want him honest, truthful and fair. Where can he learn these virtues better than in the home and in Sunday school?

"Why should I go to church or Sunday school while Dad plays golf or takes the auto out?" Many a youth has asked himself this.

## Take Him to Church

Lessons learned in youth will never leave him. Give him the best possible moral foundation. He will go to church most willingly if you go also.

If you are not tied to another congregation, come Sunday and worship with us.

## TOWN PESTS



The Gent of Leisure hasn't Anything to Do and thinks Nobody Else has, so he Comes in when we are Busier than a One-Armed Paper Hanger and Wants to Visit and tell Comical Stories. Some Day he'll Wake Up and find The Help carrying him out Feet First!

U. S. CONFEREES  
ARE ANNOUNCED

HUGHES, LODGE, UNDERWOOD  
AND ROOT SELECTED BY  
PRESIDENT HARDING.

## NO GOUGING OF THE VISITORS

Steps Already Taken to Prevent  
Profiteering in the Capital—Far  
East Questions Likely to Precede  
Armament Discussion.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

Washington.—It has been announced by President Harding that the American members of the forthcoming conference on limitation of armaments and Far East problems will be Charles Evans Hughes, secretary of state, Republican; Henry Cabot Lodge, United States senator from Massachusetts and chairman of the senate committee on foreign relations, Republican; Elihu Root, former secretary of state and one time senator from New York, Republican, and Oscar W. Underwood, senior United States senator from Alabama, Democrat.

Recently it was declared that the Washington officials felt the conference would not be so long drawn out as at first it was believed must be the case. In fact, one or two of the officials have said that they believe agreements well can be reached within a limit of three months. There has been a change in this feeling within a few days. It is now thought to be certain that the conference will go well into the spring and that perhaps early summer still may see the conferees at work.

President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes have found it necessary to call attention to a matter which already has been discussed by the present writer. The necessity of brevity in newspaper headlines has caused the coming conference frequently to be called a disarmament conference. The President and the secretary of state desire particularly that the country should know that it is nothing of the kind, but is a conference called to discuss and to agree on "limitation of armaments."

## Visitors Not to Be Gouged.

Washington has been much upset by the stories which have gone abroad of the intended gouging by local landlords and local merchants of the foreign visitors and the vast throng of American visitors who will be here during the conference. The real estate board has taken up the matter and the various commercial bodies here also have taken it up. It is now declared that there will be no profiteering in Washington while the visitors are here, and that any attempt at it properly will be checked and that if any one succeeds in the actual act of gouging, and it can be proved, he will be promptly and properly punished.

It took only one known instance to start the crusade against profiteering in the capital. The representatives of one foreign embassy found a house which they knew would be suited to the purposes of their conference delegation. They asked the owner of the house what rent he would ask for it for a period of six months. He promptly said that he would give it over for \$3,000 a month. This meant that the rental would be \$18,000 for the six months.

The house actually is worth only \$15,000. So it can be seen that the renters in six months would have paid about \$3,000 more than the value of the property. This matter was brought to the attention of the State department, and the owner of the property in question will continue to occupy it himself. This proved instance of attempted profiteering has been of service, for it has forced a campaign here which will stop like things in the future.

The questions of limiting armaments and of solving Far East problems first will be taken up in the conference, because until they are settled it will be almost impossible to take any action along lines of armament limitation.

## Far East Problems.

There are conditions in the Far East which might make for war. China looms large as a perplexing subject; so does Siberia, and so do some of the islands of the seas. What are called spheres of influence must be considered; mandates under the League of Nations must be considered, and many other things must come in the category of necessary consideration.

When all these things are fixed, and the conferees agree, the matter of navies probably will be taken up. The countries chiefly interested today in navy limitations are the United States, Great Britain and Japan, although of course Italy and France are to some extent interested.

As the country already knows, probably pretty definitely, the question of how big an army each nation may keep for defensive purposes will form one of the chief matters of discussion. It is a pretty fair prediction that when the conference is over it will be found that France will be allowed to retain a larger force of soldiers than is any other country. France fears future aggression from the East.

## No Preliminary Conferences.

Secretary of State Hughes is standing by his original word that the United States will not give its sanction

to any preliminary conference no limitation of armaments and Far East problems to be held either here or elsewhere. This means, of course, that the administration also is "standing by."

Because of this attitude of the administration, it seems certain that when the conference opens in November it will start without any definite, prearranged plan for reaching conclusions on policies. Of course the representatives of each nation will have their own policies firmly fixed in their minds, and probably they will know how much they can yield and how much they must insist upon, but there will be in evidence no prearranged agreement between any two nations as to what course is to be pursued. At least there will be no such prearranged agreement unless it has been reached so secretly that the United States knows nothing about it.

It seems today as if prior to the meeting of the conference more is to be known of the Japanese plans and policies than of those of any other nation. There have been well defined differences of opinion on certain things between the United States and Japan, which are better known and understood than the differences between this country and any other except Japan. The United States and Japan have shown a disposition to try to pave the way for an easy settlement in advance of some of the outstanding troubles. Success may or may not come, but there are signs that most of the difficulties are believed to be not insurmountable.

## News Gatherers to Help One Another.

When the conference begins in Washington the foreign correspondents who will be present will find their American brethren anxious to interview them at the close of each day. The Americans also will find that the foreigners are equally anxious to interview them in turn. Every newspaper man who comes here from another country will be one who has been in touch with the officials of the foreign office of his home government.

It will be somewhat difficult for American newspaper men to get the psychology, if that is what it should be called, of the foreign representatives in the conference. The newspaper men from the home lands and who have served in and about the foreign offices will be able to deduce things from the words and actions of their country's delegates which American newspaper men cannot deduce. Take the thing in the reverse, and there will be an understanding of the service which the American correspondents who have served in Washington can be to their brethren in interpreting the moods and manners of the four men who will sit in the council chamber as Uncle Sam's representatives.

## Law Makers Join Hunters.

Some of the solons have gone a-sporting. Lest this may be misunderstood, let it be said quickly that a few of the national law makers are shot gun enthusiasts, and they simply have joined a throng of resident Washingtonians in the sport of gunning on the marshes.

On September 1 the shooting season opened along the stretches of the Potomac. There are certain small birds which can be shot in this section of the country under the federal regulations which govern the killing of migratory species. Among the birds which Washington just now is shooting, or trying to shoot, are the red winged blackbirds, the rail, the reed birds, which in the north are known as bobolinks, and several species of plover. As yet the ducks have not come down to this section of the country from their nesting places in more northern latitudes.

Shooting small game on the marshes of the Potomac is not what it used to be. Hundreds of acres of the swamp land which afforded a fine cover and feeding place for the birds have been reclaimed and therefore the shooting area today is somewhat limited, but nevertheless fairly good bags still are made, and a good many Washington families are enjoying reed bird and blackbird pies, to say nothing of occasional broiled bits in the shape of yellow-legged and golden plover.

When the ducks come down it is understood that President Harding and one or two of his cabinet officers will take their hand in a little sport. There is good water fowl shooting in November and December in most of the inlets and on some of the open waters southeast of Washington along the coast line.

## President Fond of Shooting.

Grover Cleveland, when he was president, shot a good deal on the Carolina coast, and Colonel Roosevelt did some shooting in this general section. Neither President Taft nor President Wilson cared anything about this particular species of outdoor recreation. President Harding, however, is fond of shooting and is accounted a fairly good shot. One of his companions on probable forthcoming trips afield will be Senator Harry S. New of Indiana. Senator New, unless it be heresy to say it, is about as fond of shooting ducks as he is of sponsoring legislation.

To give an example of how well the local Washington sportsmen are observing the game laws, let it be said that not long ago Dr. T. S. Palmer of the biological survey, charged with the work of directing the enforcement of the law, went out on a police boat and examined the game bags of forty sportsmen at the close of a day's shooting. Only one bird was found which it was not legal to kill under the law, and the man who had the bird declared on his word that he found it in a boat when he hired it in the morning of that day.

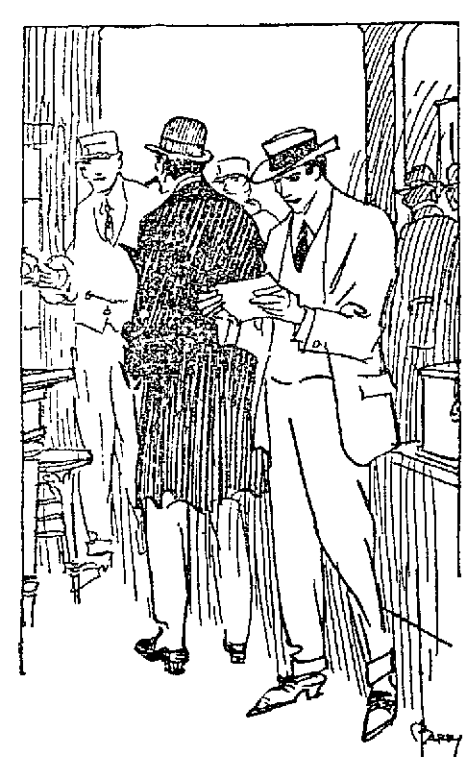
# The WRECKERS

By FRANCIS LYND

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Chapter XVIII  
Continued from last week.

and there could be but one reason for his silence. In some way, perhaps through the late boosting of the stock, the New Yorkers had squeezed him out. We were shot dead in the trenches. I didn't understand how the chief could take it so quietly, unless it was because he had been hammered so long and so hard that nothing mattered any more. Anyhow, he was just standing there, talking soberly to Don-



A Blunt, Brutal Demand.

ohue, when once more the Strathcona branch sander began to click furiously, snipping out the headquarters call.

Donohue cut in and we all heard the Strathcona man's new blast. The way he told it, it seemed that one member of the party that had chartered the special to come to Portal City had got left, and this man was now in the Strathcona wire office, bidding high for an engine to chase the train and put him aboard.

At first the boss said "No," short off just like that; adding that it wouldn't be keeping faith with the strike committee. But at that moment Hoskins blew in again, and when he was told what was on the cards, he took a little responsibility of his own.

"Go to it, Mister Norcross, if there's any more money in it for the railroad," he told the boss. "I'll stand for it with the boys." And then to Donohue: "Who'll be runnin' this chaser engine?"

"It'll be John Hogan and the Four-Sixteen," said Donohue. "There's nobody else at that end of the branch."

The arrangement, such as it was, was fixed up quickly. The man who was putting up the money seemed to have plenty of it. He was offering five hundred dollars for the engine, and a thousand if it should overtake the special that side of Buxite Junction.

I guess the blast unraveled itself pretty clearly for all of us; or at least, it seemed plain enough. A mining deal of some kind was on, and this man who was left behind was going to be left in another sense of the word if he couldn't butt in soon enough to break whatever combination the others were stacking up against him.

In just a few minutes we got the word from the Strathcona operator that the money was paid and the chaser engine was out and gone. Kirgan had come in to say that our good-natured strikers had thrown a guard into the shops and were patrolling the yard, when Fred May showed up, making signals to me. I heard him when he edged up to the boss and said: "There's a lady in the office, wanting to see you, Mr. Norcross."

"Holy Smoke!" said I to myself. I knew it couldn't be anybody but Mrs. Sheila. At that time of night, and I saw seventeen different kinds of bloody murder looming up again when I tagged along after the boss on the trip down the hall to our offices.

The guess was right, both ways around. It was Mrs. Sheila, and she had the major with her. And the air of the private office was so thick with tragedy that it made the very electric lights look dim and ghostly. Mrs. Sheila didn't have a bit of color in her face, and her eyes had a big horror in them that was enough to make four flesh creep.

I won't attempt to tell all that was said, partly by the good old major and partly by Mrs. Sheila. But the gist of it was this: Collingwood had continued his booze fight in his rooms at the Bullard until he had worked himself up to the crazy murder pitch. Then he had gone on the warpath hunting for Hat. He learned that



"There'll Be Nothing in the Way."

of course, exactly the right thing to do. But just then the major shoved in. "Sheila knows what she's talking about, Graham," he said quietly. "When you all find Howie, you'll have a madman on your hands—and she's the only one who can control him at such times—God pity her! Take us both, huh."

I suppose Mr. Norcross thought there wasn't any time to stand there arguing about it.

"As you will," he snapped at the major; and then to me: "Break for it, Jimmie, and tell Kirgan to get a car—any car—the first one he can find!"

I broke, and came pretty near breaking my blessed neck tumbling down the stairs. Kirgan had found his engine and had picked up a yard man to fire it. I told him what was wanted, and in less than no time he had pulled out an empty day-coach from the washing track. While he was backing in with it, Mr. Norcross came down the platform with the major and Mrs. Sheila. He let the major help Mrs. Sheila up the steps of the coach and ran forward to call out to Kirgan: "Donohue is clearing for you, and there'll be nothing in the way. Run regardless to Timber Mountain 'Y.' You have six minutes on the special's time to that point, if you run like the devil!" And then, as he was climbing to the cab, he ripped out at me: "Jimmie, you go back and stay with them in the car. Hurry or you'll be left!"

## CHAPTER XIX

### Under the Wide and Starry Sky

I sure had to be quick about obeying that "get-aboard" order of Mr. Norcross. Kirgan had jerked the throttle open the minute the word was given. I missed the forward end of the car, and when the other end came along my grab at the hand-rod slammed me head over heels up the steps. Kirgan was holding his whistle valve open, and the guarding strikers in the yard gave us room and a clear track. By the time we had passed the "limit" switches we were going like a blue streak, and I could hardly keep my balance on the back platform of the day-coach.

You can guess that I didn't stay out there very long. The night was clear as a bell and pretty coolish, with the stars burning like white diamonds in the black inverted bowl of the sky. It was mighty pretty scenery, but just the same, after Kirgan had fairly struck his gait on the long western tangent, I clawed my way inside. It was a lot too blustery and unsafe on that back platform.

The major and Mrs. Sheila were sitting together, near the middle of the car. I staggered up and took the seat just ahead of them, and the major asked me if Mr. Norcross was on the engine. I told him he was, and that ended it. What with the rattle and bang of the coach, the howling of the speed-made wind in the ventilators, and the shrill scream of the spinning wheels, there wasn't any room for talk during the whole of that breath-taking race to the old "Y" in the hills beyond Banta.

Knowing, from what Mr. Norcross had said, the point at which we were going to side-track and wait for the special and the wild engine, I grew sort of nervous and worked-up after we had crashed through the Banta yard and the day-coach began to sway and lurch around the hill curves. What if the special had been making better time than the boss had counted upon? In that case, we'd probably hit her in a head-onder somewhere on one of those very curves. And with the time we were making, and the time she'd be making, there wouldn't be enough left for either train to be worth picking up.

A mile or so short of the "Y" siding I went up ahead and handed myself out to the forward platform to see if I couldn't get a squint past the steering engine. I got it now and then, on the swing of the curves, but there was nothing in sight. Just the same it was mighty scary, and I took a relief breath so deep that it nearly made me sick at my stomach when I finally realized that Kirgan had shut off and was slowing for the stop at the farther switch of the old "Y."

What was done at the switch was done swiftly, as men work when they have the fear of death gripping at them. If the special should come

in the curves.

With our own engine silent I could hear a faint sound like the far-away rattling of a safety-valve. We were not ten seconds too soon. The special was coming.

Mr. Norcross, who was still in the engine cab, shot an order at Kirgan. "Flung your coat over the headlight, and then be ready to snatch it and get it!" he shouted. "If they see it as they come up, it may stop them!" Then catching a glimpse of me on the ground: "Break the coupling on the coach Jimmie—quick!"

As I jumped to obey I understood what was to be done. The fireman at the switch was to let the special go by, and then the boss—just the boss alone on the engine—was to be let out on the main track to put himself between the chaser and the chased.

It was a hair-raising proposition, but perhaps—just perhaps—not quite so suicidal as it looked. With skilful handling the interposed engine might possibly be kept out of the way by backing, and its warning headlight shining full into the eyes of the men in the 410's cab would surely be enough to stop them—if anything would.

I had just finished uncoupling the day-coach and the boss was easing our engine ahead a bit to make sure that she was loose, when the car door opened behind me and the major and Mrs. Sheila came out in the front vestibule. It was Mrs. Sheila who spoke to me, and her voice had borrowed some of the big terror that I had seen in her eyes while she was sitting in the office at Portal City.

"Where—whereabouts are we, Jimmie?" she asked.

Before I could open my mouth the black shadows of the crooked valley beyond the switch were shot through with the white coming glow of a headlight beam, and a second later the special flicked into view on the curve of approach.

As we looked, there was a short, sharp whistle yelp, the brakes gripped the wheels, the one-car train, with fire grinding from every brake-shoe, came to a jerking stop a short car-length on our side of the switch, and a man dropped from the engine step to go sprinting to the rear. And it was plain that neither the engineer nor the man who was running back saw our outfit waiting on the leg of the old "Y."

Kirgan was the first one to understand. With a shout of warning, he jumped and ran toward the stopped train, yelling at the engineer for God's sake to pull out and go on. Back in the hills beyond the curve of approach another hoarse murmur was jarring upon the air, and the special's fireman, who was the man we had seen jump off and go running back, and who, of course, didn't know that we had our man there, was apparently trying to reach the switch behind his train to throw it against the following engine to shoot it off on the "Y."

By this time the boss was off of our engine and racing across the angle of the "Y" only a little way behind Kirgan. He realized that his plan was smashed by the stopping of the special, and that the very catastrophe we had come out to try to prevent was due to happen right there and then. Whatever our man waiting at the switch might do, there was bound to be a collision. If he left the points set for the main line, the wild engine would crash into the rear end of the stopped special; and if he did the other thing, our engine and coach standing on the "Y" would get it.

"Get the people out of that car!" I heard the boss bellow, but even as he said it the pop-valve of the stopped engine went off with a roar, filling the shut-in valley with clamorings that nothing could drown.

Two minutes, two little minutes more, and the sleep-sodden bunch of men in the special's car might have been roused and turned out and saved. But the minutes were not given us. While the racing fireman was still a few feet short of the switch the throwing of which would have saved the one-car train only to let the madman's engine in on our engine and coach, and our man—already at the switch—was too scared to know which horn of the dilemma to choose, the end came. There was the flash of another headlight on the curve, another whistle shriek, and I turned to help the major take Mrs. Sheila off our car and run with her, against the horrible chance that we might get it instead of the special.

But we didn't get it. Ten seconds later the chasing engine had crashed headlong into the standing train, burying itself clear up to the tender in the heart of the old wooden sleeper, rolling the whole business over on its side in the ditch, and setting the wreckage afire as suddenly as if the old Pullman had been a fagot of pitch-pine kindlings and only waiting for the match.

If I could write down any real description of the way things stacked up there in that lonesome valley for the little bunch of us who stood aghast at the awful horror, I guess I wouldn't need to be hammering the keys of a typewriter in a railroad office. But never mind; no soldier sees any more of a battle than the part he is in. There were seven of us men, including the engineer and fireman of the special, who were able to jump in and try to do something, and looking back at it now, it seems as if we all did what we could.

(Continued next week)

Power in Hands of Few.

Nothing appears more surprising to those who consider human affairs with a philosophical eye than the easiness with which the many are governed by the few.



## Uncle Walt's Story

Walt Mason

### DOMINANT WOMAN

"THERE'S much truth in the old saying that a bachelor is merely half a man," observed the professor. "I suppose you are trying to take a fall out of me because I don't get married," said the low-browed man. "It may be true that a bachelor is only a half a man, but when he accumulates a wife, he's usually only a quarter of a man, or maybe one-eighth. The more I see of married men, the more thankful I am that I have never loomed up at the altar with an orange wreath on my head."

"Old Doolittle has been married a long time, and he's got so used to being bossed by his wife that he doesn't know what to do when she isn't around. If you offered to lend him \$5 he'd say he'd have to consult Eliza Jane about it. One time, when his wife was away, visiting, he ate about a peck of green cucumbers, and the colic shut him up like a folding bed. It was the worst case I ever saw. I heard him yelling for the police, and when I rushed over there and saw him on the floor, with his feet clasped across the back of his neck, I phoned for a doctor at once. We put him to bed, and the agony that man endured was sickening. And as he rolled around there, expecting to go off the books every minute, he kept saying, 'What will Eliza Jane say when she hears I called in a doctor?'"

"After his wife came back, I was over at their house one night, and she roasted me to a crisp for sending for a doctor. She said that if I had the first instincts of a gentleman I'd pay the bill, for I wasn't authorized to call in a sawbones, and she didn't want one in the house. Doolittle sat there and heard his wife roasting me until my whiskers curled and, although he knew the doctor saved his life, he never said a word."

"After I left the house, he sneaked out and overtook me, and told me he was sorry for what had happened, but experience had taught him that it's no use to butt in when his wife has the floor."

"Gooseworthy came over this morning while I was feeding the cows, and told me a tale of woe. His wife has about five hundred female relations, aunts and stepsisters and cousins and such people, and she keeps the house full of them all the time. He has to sleep on a sanitary couch in the hall, while his own feather bed is occupied by an aunt who weighs about 400 pounds. He has a comfortable rocking chair he bought for his own private use, and now he never gets a whack at it. His wife's step-sister, who brought her tortoise-shell cat along, is always using it. He said he was getting plumb disgusted with such a condition of affairs, but he didn't know what to do."

"I asked him why he didn't read the authorized version of the riot act to his wife, and tell her to ship all those relics out of the house. He seemed shocked at the suggestion. 'You don't know what you're talking about,' he said. 'You've never been married.'"

"The queer thing about it is that Gooseworthy is a great stickler for his rights when he's away from home. He's as sassy as a bobcat, and will fight at the drop of the hat if anybody tries to impose on him. He walks with his head back and his chest out in front of him, but as soon as he reaches his own front gate he begins to lool so blamed abject that the neighbors pity him."

"Then, there's old Major Sendorff, who distinguished himself on many a crimson battlefield. He has courage enough for three regiments. But he married the Widow Bunkum a couple of years ago and she makes him do the family washing, and hang the clothes on the line, and I suppose he does the ironing, too. I could tell you of a hundred such cases—"

"I suppose you could," sighed the professor, "but I don't care for sensational fiction."

### Russia.

The Russian empire, prior to the world war, comprised 3,764,536 square miles. Cyclopedists divide this territory, one-sixth of the world, into four parts. Russia in Europe (including Poland and Finland), the Caucasus, Siberia, Russian Central Asia. Russia in Europe has an area of 1,911,632 square miles.

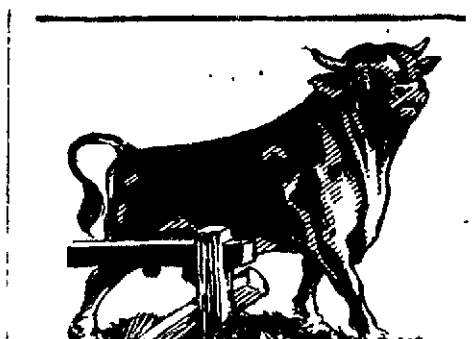
### French Presidents.

Of the presidents of France, M. Poincare was only the fifth to stay the full term. Thiers, the first, held office for only three years, as did MacMahon. Faure died at the end of his fourth year, and Casimir Perier resigned after one year.

### His Status.

"What do you know about the high cost of living?"

"Nothing. I'm merely existing."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



## GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM

tobacco makes 50 good cigarettes for 10c

We want you to have the best paper for "BULL." So now you can receive with each package a book of 24 leaves of BULL—the very finest cigarette paper in the world.

## LIVE STOCK

### DEPLETION OF RANGE GRASS

Injury Caused by Premature Grazing and Lack of Utilization of Forage Crop.

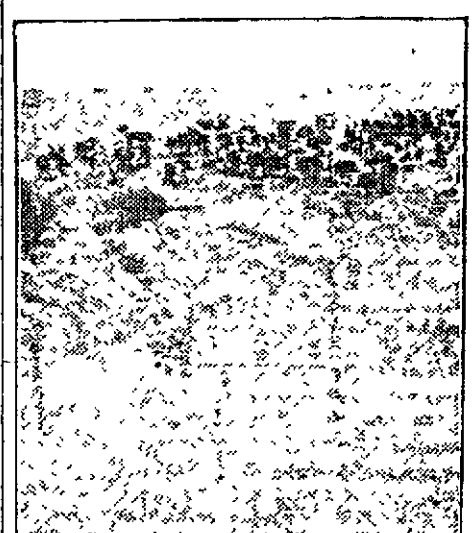
(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Range depletion is due in a large measure to premature grazing and to lack of uniform utilization of the forage crop, investigations now being carried on at the Great Basin experiment station by grazing specialists in the forest service of the United States Department of Agriculture show. These experiments, which have been conducted over a four-year period, have been for the purpose of ascertaining just how certain range bunch grasses are affected by different systems of grazing.

It was found that the yield of violet wheat grass when removed by cutting once in a season, at the time the seed crop matured, was four and two-tenths times as large as when it was removed four times in a season and three and eight-tenths times as large as when herbage was removed twice in the season.

Native home grass, on the other hand, yielded six times as much when harvested twice during the season, but the yield from one cutting was three and three-tenths times as much as when it was removed four times. This means in range revegetation that the grass native there must be taken into consideration, and a system of grazing used that is suitable to it.

The experiments also showed the striking difference in water content in herbage as the season advances. In the leafage of the violet wheat grass harvested once in a season, just before seed maturity, the water content averaged 41 per cent. Plants grazed twice, late in the season, contained an average moisture content of 51 per cent, while plants cropped four times in a season contained an average of 79 per cent of water. Early in the spring the young leafage may contain as much as 85 per cent of water. This

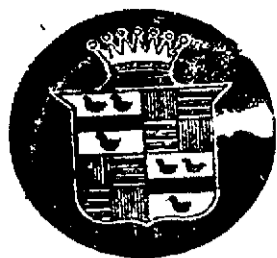


Part of a Big Herd of Hereford Steers on a Texas Ranch.

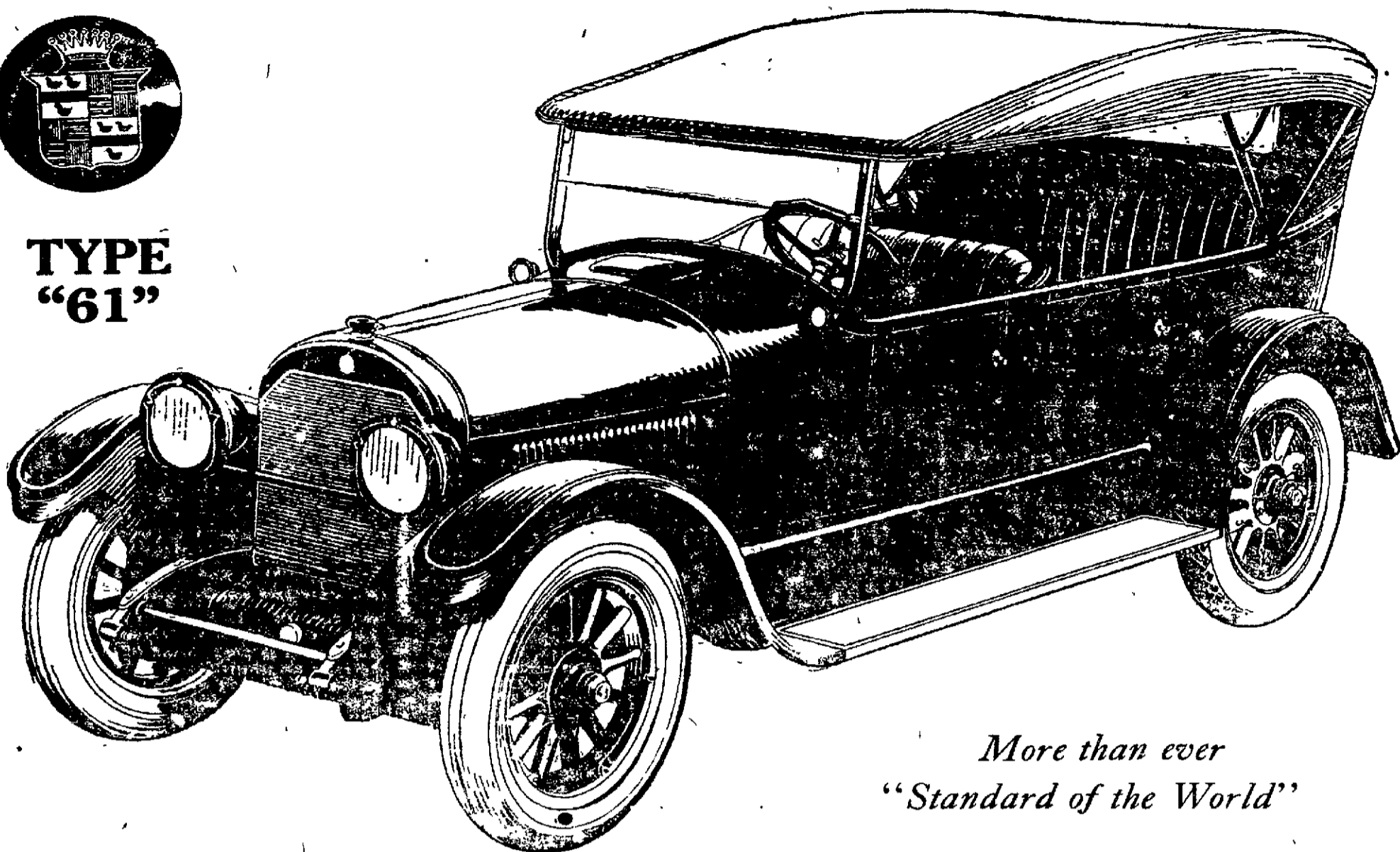
is sometimes the cause of many live stock losses in the early spring. The green feed is sparse and contains so small an amount of food substance that it is necessary for an animal to travel great distances to gather daily approximately 85 pounds of succulent leafage, which is an equivalent to 16 pounds of dry hay.

When the difference in yield and nutritive value of the forage, in favor of the less-frequently grazed areas, is taken into account, it is clear that frequent cropping is an extravagant and wasteful practice. Furthermore, about 85 per cent of a bunch-grass cover harvested four times in a season is killed out at the end of the third year, thus subjecting the soil to varying degrees of depletion through erosion.

The internal heat of the earth. Wells are always warm on account of water flowing from deep strata. Artesian Water Always Warm.



TYPE  
"61"



More than ever  
"Standard of the World"

### AN ANNOUNCEMENT

We (BEDFORD GARAGE) are glad to announce to the people of Bedford County that we have just completed arrangements for the distribution of CADILLAC MOTOR CARS in Bedford County. We are glad to announce in addition to the agency an Authorized Service for Cadillac through the fact that an adequate stock of parts will be carried by us at all times and that a service in keeping with the reputation of Cadillac will be maintained by us as near as is humanly possible.

We Call attention to the fact that the NEW TYPE "61" CADILLACS are just now being shown and that numerous changes in construction and body design will have to be seen to be appreciated. We invite inspection of the new Cadillac at our

Exhibit at the Bedford Fair

BUICK

**BEDFORD GARAGE**

CADILLAC

After Every Meal

**WRIGLEY'S**  
Sealed Tight Kept Right



WRIGLEY'S has steadily kept to the pre-war price. And to the same high standard of quality.

No other goody lasts so long—costs so little or does so much for you.

Handy to carry—beneficial in effect—full of flavor—a solace and comfort for young and old.

THE FLAVOR  
LASTS



B10

Why Circulate Evil Tales?  
Never tell evil of a man if you do not know it for a certainty, and if you know it for a certainty then ask yourself. "Why should I tell it?"—Lavater.

Who'd Be a Persian Florist?  
Persia, says an exchange, has a drink which gives men a mania for throwing stones. Persia must be a poor land for the greenhouse business.

#### EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF John W. Knisely, late of Colerain Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted the undersigned executor named in the last will and testament of John W. Knisely late of Colerain Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.

Samuel L. Knisely,  
Executor.  
Bedford, Pa., R. D. 4  
Frank E. Colvin,  
Attorney.  
Sept. 16 Oct. 21.

#### ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

The undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises near Salemville in South Woodbury township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, on Friday Oct. 7, 1921, at 2 o'clock p. m., the real estate of Henry Fyock late of said township, deceased, to wit:—A tract of land bounded on the north by lands of Ralph Baker on east by Geo. Snyder and Frank Kagarise on south by Frank Kagarise and Daniel Kagarise and on west by Lawrence Kagarise containing 140 acres, more or less, mostly cleared, having thereon a brick dwelling house, a bank barn, out buildings and running water.

Terms: Ten per cent of bid cash on day of sale. Balance terms made known on day of sale.

Jerome D. Fyock,  
Arthur K. Bechtel,  
New Enterprise, Pa.  
Administrators.

Simon H. Sell,  
Attorney.  
Sept. 16—30

#### AUDITOR'S NOTICE

Estate of George Bush, late of Bedford Township, deceased.

The undersigned appointed auditor by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County to construe the will of George Bush, late of Bedford Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, to pass upon attachments against the interest of Hartley Bush, a residuary legatee, and to make full and complete distribution of the balance remaining in the hands of E. Howard Blackburn, Executor, will sit for the purpose of performing the duties of his appointment at the Court House in Bedford, on Monday, Oct. 10th., 1921, at 2 p. m., when and where all persons interested shall appear and present their claims or be forever debarred from a share in said funds.

B. F. Madore,  
Auditor.  
Frank E. Colvin,  
Attorney.  
Sept. 16—30.

#### AUDITOR'S NOTICE

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County, Pa., to construe the will and determine the legatees under the will of Jacob Mench, late of West Providence Township, said county, deceased, and to make distribution of the balance in the hands of M. H. Kramer, Executor of said Jacob Mench, deceased, to and among the parties entitled to receive the same, will sit for the purposes of his appointment at the Court House in Bedford, Pa., on Tuesday, October 11, 1921, at 10:00 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties shall appear and present their claims, or be debarred from participating in said distribution.

Frank E. Colvin,  
Auditor.  
B. F. Madore,  
Attorney.  
Sept. 16—30.

#### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF John H. Hammer, late of Napier Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

Lizzie R. Hammer,  
Shepherd F. Hammer,  
Administrators.

D. C. Reiley,  
Attorney.  
Aug. 26, Sept. 30

#### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF Martha W. Blymyer, late of Bedford Borough, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

George Points,  
Administrator.  
Bedford, Pa.  
Aug. 26 Sept. 30.

#### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF George H. Appleman, late of Bloomfield Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

Harry W. Appleman,  
Administrator.  
Ore Hill, Blair Co., Pa.  
Simon H. Sell,  
Attorney.  
Aug. 26 Sept. 30.

### The Mare Shows Up Faulkner

By HAROLD SINCLAIRE.

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Spur a horse? You're joking, sir. Yes, I wear spurs, because I ride with my heels out and my toes in, but if you'll look again, sir, you'll see that there's no rowels in them. Same way with my whip. It's restful like for the hand, and I'd touch my horse's flank with the handle end, to signal him, but as for hitting him—why, there ain't no animal more willing than a horse, nor one with more human intelligence or more anxious to please, if you treat him right.

Yes, I suppose it is a gift, this understanding of horses. Women? Better than men, I should say—that is, some men understand horses, but pretty near every woman who likes them gets to know them. That's what I liked about Miss Millicent. Came of a horse family, Kentucky born, and what she didn't know about horses—why, she'd talked horse since she was a baby, and her father, Colonel Emery, owned the finest stud in Lexington. Miss Millicent was brought up with the idea that a man who couldn't ride was only half masculine. And riding's more than sticking on and waving the reins up and down or clicking to say "go faster."

I guess that click was what first put me wise to Faulkner. Finely made man he was, fine clothes, though somewhat flashy to my taste, and Miss Millicent certainly took to him.

And so mister, when I heard Faulkner clicking under his breath to Beauty, I said to myself: "You'd be more in place driving a butcher's wagon than taking Miss Millicent riding."

He rode Beauty on the curb—her as wouldn't have hurt a fly, so sweet-tempered she was and gentle. And her mouth: Lord, he saved like a butcher!

Miss Millicent had been sweet on young Mr. Drew, and he on her, before Faulkner appeared on the scene.

I couldn't see Faulkner hurting Beauty and cutting out Mr. Drew without taking some steps to stop him.

I puzzled a long time over it. I see Mr. Drew getting mopey and mopey. I went into town to see the circus one night and who should I meet at the tent door but my old friend Jim Haynes with his trick mare. It seemed like Providence.

"I can't sell you Nancy," he said. But I'd lend her to you. What's the game?"

When I told him he swore he wouldn't take any money. It was as good as a play, he said, and he hoped I'd tell him all about it the next day.

"Can't let you have Beauty today, sir," I told Mr. Faulkner the next morning. "She's a little off her feed, sir. But I've a nice little mare here—

quieter as a mope and fit for a rainy

"Mr. Drew" says I that same morning "If you was to take a little ride out to Holmes' Height about eleven o'clock maybe it wouldn't come amiss."

He grinned "I don't quite follow you, but I'm on, Hicks," he says. And so I saddled my little mare and rode out with Miss Millicent and Faulkner, and fell behind, as a groom ought to when his young lady has a beau.

I fell a good ways behind that day, and when we reached Holmes' Height they had disappeared over the rise. I knew Faulkner would just about have got up courage to try his spurs by the time the trick mare was winded. And sure enough, hardly had I got to the top when I heard Miss Millicent screaming—not with fear, but with laughter.

There sat Faulkner, clinging to the mare's neck with both hands, his feet working like windmills, and the little mare going round and round and round in a lot as big as a circus ring. His coat tails was flying, and he was swearing and hollering, and presently he flew over the mare's neck and she stopped stock still and watched him land in a pool of the stickiest mud anywhere in the neighborhood. And just at that minute Mr. Drew comes riding along and stops and picks Faulkner out of the mire. But he wouldn't get on the mare's back any more. So Mr. Drew sees Miss Millicent home, and Faulkner and I follow, me leading the mare and him walking. But I noticed Miss Millicent and Mr. Drew leaning inward on their saddles again like they used to.

That's all, sir, except this gold watch Mrs. Drew gave me the day they were married. "I understand, Hicks," she said to me. And what do you think she did? If she didn't put her hands in mine and cry with happiness. Yes, me, sir. I'm her head coachman now, but when Miss May gets a little older I'm going to take her riding and teach her to handle horses. You see, it comes out in the blood mister.

Big Turtles on Ascension Island.

Ascension Island, a small strip of land in the South Atlantic ocean, 700 miles northwest of St. Helena, is a resort for sea turtles, which come in thousands to lay their eggs in the sand annually between January and May. In 1914 more than one hundred, weighing from five hundred to eight hundred pounds each were caught and stored in ponds and eventually killed and distributed among the people. The island has an area of 34 square miles and a population of 230 persons. It is under the control of the lord commissioners of the admiralty of Great Britain and is fortified. Ten acres are under cultivation, producing vegetables and fruit for the garrison.

## Vera, the Little Schemer

By WILLIAM FALL

(Copyright 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Don't trifle with me, Vera—I am desperately in earnest!" pleaded young Doctor Irwin.

"I'm not, Rolfe," asserted the bright-eyed, vivacious girl who leaned upon the garden gate that separated them. "I think too much of you to tell you a falsehood, and I am too young—oh, far too young, mamma says—to think of telling you the truth," and the flashing eyes looked clear and loyal, if they were mischievous.

The wholesome looking young fellow who had just asked her to become his wife, looked puzzled, then hopeful, and then he had a smile.

"I know you are the dearest, sweetest little midge of cheerfulness in the world," he declared enthusiastically, "and I am sure a good friend of mine."

"Never doubt that, Rolfe," said Vera. "But when you come to talk about becoming engaged—why, think of a romping cut-up, as everybody calls me, trying to pose as the dignified wife of Dr. Rolfe Irwin."

Doctor Irwin bestowed a fond look upon the little child-woman who was the dearest being in the universe to him. He bade her good-by, not at all gloomily, and started for his office. Vera stood, following him with her eyes, a demure and thoughtful look on her usually smiling face.

"Poor boy," she said, and then she added: "I love him! I love him!" and her face vied with the red, red roses along the garden path, she ran down it, bursting into a happy song.

Vera had called herself "a cut-up." Her bright ways captivated everybody, and the victims of her mischief felt honored, rather than offended.

There was the pure gold of a noble marriage in Doctor Irwin, and Vera recognized it. She had liked him the better because he had accepted a piece of real injustice without a murmur. When his granduncle, old Simeon Dunn, had died, Rolfe was one of six minor heirs. They were each to receive \$10,000, but it was contingent on the will and caprice of Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Dawson.

Simeon Dunn had willed all his real estate to them. They also were given a life interest in his investments. However, if mutually agreed, they could distribute these latter, pay off the minor heirs, and take a third for themselves.

Then a terrific quarrel came up between them. It was regarding the old Dunn homestead. Egbert Dawson wanted this so that he might give it to a crippled brother. Sarah Dawson insisted on having it to present to a superannuated spinster relative. They separated.

Egbert Dawson vowed he would never address his wife again until she spoke first. Sarah Dawson obstinately declared that not a word should escape her lips until her husband spoke. This action tied up the estate.

Egbert Dawson had become a crusty, unhappy hermit. His wife shut herself up like a recluse. There was no heart that wilful, sprightly Vera could not reach, however. Vera told her mother she was going down to see Mr. Dawson. She was soon at his home.

"I have come to ask a great favor," she told him. "You know there is going to be a mask party at the library hall next week. It is for the benefit of the old folks' home—would you buy a ticket?"

"Two of them, if you like," readily announced Mr. Dawson to his favorite.

Mrs. Dawson was not so easy to persuade. Willy Vera told of the good cause she was helping along. Finally she carried her point.

"Well, I'll come, dear," promised Sarah Dawson, "but it's just to please you."

The bright little schemer had woven quite a plot about the estranged and unsuspecting husband and wife. She took great pains to conceal from each the expected appearance of both at the function. Vera enlisted the co-operation of a number of her girl friends. Everything turned out as they planned. Mr. Dawson, arrayed in his best, and his wife, wearing a tasteful silk gown, a reminder of happier days came, saw and were soon carried away themselves amid the enjoyment of the occasion.

Shrewd and watchful Vera had kept close track of them. They had danced together twice without recognition, when the bell called for unmasking.

"Unmask!" she cried gaily, her eager eyes dancing with suspense and delight, and the dumfounded husband and wife confronted one another. Both had enjoyed the unusual occasion, and Vera knew it. "Quick!" she demanded, with a rough laugh—"who spoke first?"

"I did," declared Egbert. "Sarah, you're as sweet and handsome as ever. You can have the old homestead. I reckon you and I have made each other miserable long enough, don't you?" "Egbert," returned his wife, glad to meet him half way, "I don't care a pinch of salt for the old homestead—I just wanted to have my own will." "Well, you've got it," observed Egbert, "so let us kiss and make up."

The Dunn estate was divided soon after that, and Doctor Irwin received his little fortune. He proceeded to offer it and his deepest love to the wonder-working little miss who had brought it all about.

The Avars, who swept southern Europe in the Sixth century, disappeared

## Lin Lee and His "Cousin"

By FREDERICK CLARKE

(Copyright 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Nobody ever suspected that there were two Chinamen in Lin Lee's laundry until we met Lin Loo.

Everybody liked Lin Lee. He had cut off his pigtail and he attended the Episcopal church. Like all Chinamen, he had a natural genius for the wash-tub.

So Lin Lee became a resident of our village and, as I said, everybody thought he occupied his shanty alone. We thought so until the evening when, having brought home the laundry in its usual highly starched condition, and having received the red paper with its mysterious hieroglyphics which he always left as security, he turned round and whistled and another Chinaman came out of the darkness.

"My cousin, Lin Loo," he volunteered. "He was here well—as well as me. He takes your laundry tonight."

"Where are you going, Lin?" asked my father.

Lin grinned. "Me going to China," he said. "Me fight in grand army of the republic."

Lin Lee disappeared just as mysteriously as Lin Loo had come, but that made no difference. Lin Loo was just as capable a laundryman as Lin Lee. The ladies of our family, in fact, maintained that Lin Loo had a special genius for interpreting the laundry needs of their own garments and, as a result, Lin Loo was to be seen ironing until far into the night in his little store on Main street.

Lin Loo was also an Episcopalian, we found, and when he made his first visit to our church everyone sat up and gasped. He was attired in quite the extreme of fashion, in a silk hat and frockcoat and patent leather shoes. He carried a silver-headed cane, too, and was very devotional in the responses. The rector took a great fancy to him and invited him to his home to discuss theology. Mrs. Stubbs, his wife, was equally attached to Lin Loo.

Yes, it was odd what a general favorite Lin Loo became. Lin Loo was astonishingly well posted in western ways. But he wouldn't drink and didn't swear.

"Any news of your cousin, Loo?" we would ask, as we stopped in to watch him bending over his iron and pressing with his scrawny arms. And Loo always looked up and smiled and shook his head.

And when a year had rolled by and Lee had become only a memory, he still maintained the same assurance. Imperturbable, suave, courteous, jolly, Lin Lee was a social asset in our town.

And then the missing cousin turned up just as unexpectedly as he had gone. One evening Lin Lee stepped into our parlor, his basket on his arm, as though he had only left us the night before, and received the red paper from my mother. Then he announced:

"Me going to leave tomorrow. No more wash. My cousin, Sam Hong, has bought my shop."

"And your other cousin—Lin Loo?" was asked.

"He go away," replied our visitor. "No see any more."

It must have been nearly a year after our friends' departure that business called me to Richmond. I was strolling down one of the side streets when I caught sight of Lin Lee behind the glass window of a laundry, ironing as hard as ever. I walked in.

He greeted me with the same cheerful smile as ever. We shook hands and discussed old times.

"Why did you leave us so suddenly, Lin Lee?" I asked. "We all miss you in our town. What was the matter? Didn't we treat you well?"

"Sure—fine," answered Lin Lee with a broad grin. "I come to Richmond to open bigger place, more business. I get married."

At that moment the door opened and a Chinese woman, with a little, black-haired, squint-eyed baby in her arms, peered out. I knew her too. It was Mrs. Lin Lee—once Mr. Lin Loo. She nodded and smiled and shut the door in my face and I said good-bye quickly and went out.

Now I hold no brief for or against Chinamen, but I will say I was offended at this horrible deception at the time. But afterward I began thinking; could he have been assured of his wife's safety, living alone in our town, the only Celestial within twenty miles? I think he could; I know he could. But I can imagine what dangers he may have feared for her—the young husband, called back eight thousand miles to fight his country's battles, with all he loved dwelling alone among white-faced barbarians.

### Different Views.

The late Sir Herbert Tree was commended by a friend for his kindness in giving recitations at a gathering of cripples.

"I don't know," returned Sir Herbert. "Some people seem to think I was taking a mean advantage of the poor fellows' infirmities."—Boston Transcript.

### No Chance.

"Marry you!" exclaimed the temperamental girl. "Why I wouldn't marry you if you had \$1,000,000!" "You're right you wouldn't," replied the candid man. "In that case I would be more discriminating."—American Legion Weekly.



## Nudges

Law was at one time provided only to take the place of brains of people who hadn't any but it is not used for that purpose now. It merely shows now that men who make them haven't any.

Thursday is "at home day" to most of Bedford women. It is good they try to stay at home one day in a week.

The auction of the jobless started in Boston has swung down to New York and will proceed to Chicago and St. Louis. It has reached Harding's ears at last so he "at home" one day a week now to try to get the country to waken up after his election. The rest of the six days a week he is out visiting his friends.

Scotch girls are sweeter than others when they are "lasses."

Women are like variety stores. They are full of notions.

When a lady has many charms she becomes like a watch-chain.

Many men become like biscuits when they get "toasted."

Meat and cheese become alike when they become inhabited.

The farmers, miners and rail-roads all look blue these days. They have passed through a terrible operation—Harding cut their allowances off.

A great many of our Senators would rather be "tight" than President, and from the way they are doing they must be "tight" all the time.

Prohibition will have a hard time with the American people. They are too inventive.

It would be a good thing for some people if they could get both ears to the ground.

### REBUKE TO LANDLORD

After calling the third plate of soup the waitress asked if he was fond of soup. He said "No! his physician had suggested plenty of hot water at his meals."

Women whose faces used to be their fortunes are turning their faces to the fortunes of cosmetic makers.

A man from over at Pumpkinville is talking of opening a new grocery store in Hogville. Our present grocer Bub Smothers, is trying to discourage this movement and is endeavoring to create a public sentiment against it. He says it would cause groceries to be higher, as he can barely make a living now with only one here. However a good many of our people are inclined to believe that competition would tend to reduce prices—and too Bub has always been a bit independent in dealing with the public, refusing to credit many.

The Assistant Constable got two votes less this time than he did in the election before. His many enemies are glad to see his majority being gradually whittled down from time to time.

Dan Hocks, Hogville blacksmith, says since times got so dull he never saw so many barefooted horses in his life. He is now taking a pessimistic view of life, believing the public intends letting him starve and force the horses to go barefooted.

Hank Potts has bought a second hand automobile and it is so noisy the Postmaster has had the road in front of the postoffice roped off so he can hear the people who call for their mail. The Hogville Loafers' Club which holds daily sessions at the postoffice, endorse this action as the infernal car has interrupted several fine conversations lately.

A gentleman whose name we cannot at present remember has opened a store at Petunia Ridge. It is not believed that he will get enough business to justify his continuance, as he is a Baptist and argues a great deal, while most of his prospective customers belong to some other denomination.

The Hogville Improvement Society, which acts in the same capacity as a chamber of commerce in other towns has started a movement to stop the frogs from hollering after 9 o'clock every night. Gape Allison has been named as a committee of one to see about it.

A book agent passed through here several days ago and entered several of the homes of our best people before it was discovered what he was up to.

Bulger Smothers passed down the road yesterday with a jug, and was followed for some distance by several of his friends. However, the jug contained only sorghum molasses.

Bill Hellwanger went fishing Sunday and cast his luck at a point on Bear creek near the eBar Ford church. Bill says unfortunately preaching was going on and the noise scared all the fish away.

## COMING HOME TO ROOST.

The Lodge reservation chickens are now coming home to roost on Mr. Harding's doorstep.

When the Treaty of Versailles was before the Senate the Committee on Foreign Relations, in order to embarrass Mr. Wilson, adopted the following reservation:

No person is or shall be authorized to represent the United States, nor shall any citizen of the United States be eligible, as a member of any body or agency established or authorized by said treaty of peace with Germany except pursuant to an act of Congress of the United States providing for his appointment and defining his powers and duties.

The object of this seventh reservation was to take the execution of the Treaty of Versailles, in so far as the United States was concerned, out of the hands of the President, where it belonged, and vest it in Congress. Mr. Harding was among the Republican Senators who voted for this reservation.

In the negotiation of the separate treaty of peace with Germany, Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes reserved to the United States the right, if it so chose to participate in all the commissions established by the Treaty of Versailles:

That while the United States is privileged to participate in the Reparation Commission, according to the terms of Part VIII. of that treaty, and in any other commission established under that treaty or under any agreement supplementary thereto the United States is not bound to participate in any such commission unless it shall elect to do so.

Mr. Harding has already made known to the Senators his intention to appoint an American member of the Reparation Commission, and the irreconcilable Senators have now raised the issue of the seventh reservation. They demand that it be attached to the Treaty of Berlin and that there shall be no American representation on these commissions except by act of Congress.

As a Republican Senator engaged in sniping Mr. Wilson, Mr. Harding was ardently in favor of the seventh reservation. As President of the United States, charged with the responsibility of carrying on the foreign relations of the country, Mr. Harding's feeling toward it has cooled to the zero point. The separate treaty that he negotiated with Germany does not recognize the right of Congress to meddle and Mr. Harding claims the powers for himself that he denied to Mr. Wilson.

In this issue of Harding versus Harding, the President is right and the Senator was wrong, but how can the President sustain his case against the Senator? On what grounds can he claim for himself powers that he tried to take away from his predecessor?

The World always regarded the seventh reservation as one of the most mischievous of the provisions that Republican malice and partisanship attached to the Treaty of Versailles. No President could ever assent to it without abdicating the authority that the Constitution has vested in him and in him alone. Yet unless the Republicans Senators are prepared to admit that their anti-Wilson reservation was a fake and a fraud United States in the discharge of his constitutional duties, they must add this reservation in its original form to the treaty with Germany regardless of the Administration's objections.

The substitute reservation which the Committee on Foreign Relations has adopted in order to save its face differs so greatly from the original that it amounts to a confession that the seventh reservation was deliberately designed to burke the execution of the Treaty of Versailles and make it impossible for President Wilson to carry on the foreign relations of the United States.

## FARM CALENDAR

Timely Reminders From The Pennsylvania State College

**SHEEP**—Feed the ewes a little extra prior to breeding time. A change of pasture, some broken pumpkins; a small patch of rape and a small amount of oats daily will insure good condition for the production of vigorous offspring.

**GRAIN MOTH**—Examine unthreshed wheat for presence of the destructive grain moth. If it is there, plan to thresh as soon as possible. Moth in bins may be controlled by spraying with carbon bisulphide one pint to 100 bushels of grain.

**FALL FRESH COWS**—Dairymen should arrange the breeding schedule of the herd so that most of the cows will come fresh in the fall. They not only give more milk in a year if they freshen in the fall, but most of it comes during the season when prices are high and labor more abundant and less costly.

**GARDEN**—Rye can still be sown on bare ground in the garden, and will help improve the soil. A light dressing of acid phosphate will encourage the rye to make a vigorous fall growth. Unmanured gardens need green crops in the fall and winter.

**MARKETING POTATOES**—Most late potatoes will be dug during the next two weeks. Those going directly to market should be graded to uniform size, for they will bring better prices. Those to be stored should be protected from sun and rain and allowed to become well cooled before storing in cellars or pits.

## LOGSDON-DREYER

John Melvin Logsdon, of Hyndman and Miss Eva N. Dreyer, of Cumberland, Md., were married last Thursday night at 9 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. H. C. Albohn, of Trinity Lutheran church, only the members of the immediate families being present. A light luncheon was served and the bride and groom later left for Johnstown where they will spend their honeymoon. They will be at home to their friends at Hyndman.

# Richelieu Theatre

## Bedford, Penna.

Our Motto

Clean Pictures

The best that can be obtained

The pictures we show are not only of highest entertaining value, but educational.

No one can be harmed by attending our shows. The new reduced admission price of 11 and 22c for all shows should enable everyone to enjoy many evenings of real enjoyment.

## PROGRAM

MONDAY and TUESDAY October 3 and 4

PARAMOUNT COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

from the famous novel by Samuel Newlin

Revealing some little-known angles of newspaper life and a big city's underground politics. A thrill with mystery, daring and love in a venturesome game for power and millions. Played by a brilliant cast including Julia Swayne Gordon, Matt Moore.

Special 2 Reel Christie Comedy and Latest Pathe News

WEDNESDAY October 5

A FIRST NATIONAL SPECIAL PRODUCTION

KATHERINE MACDONALD

The most beautiful woman in the World in

"PASSIONS PLAYGROUND"

A thrilling tale of Romance and Adventure. A Stirring Plot. Exquisite Gowns, Fine Acting, Gorgeous Settings, Lavish Productions. A Good Moral.

Special Snub Pollard Comedy and Pathe Review

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY October 6 and 7

PARAMOUNT SUPER PRODUCTION

"MY LADY'S GARTER"

"Evil To Him Who Evil Thinks"

That was the warning on the dainty silken circlet that tumbled a lover into—A Scandal with an Heiress, A Daring Bank Robbery A Blackmail Plot, An Intrigue with the Secret Service, A Race Against Death on a Runaway Train, A Dashing Mystery—Romance absolutely new to the screen. More spine tingling excitement than any other garter ever started.

With an all star cast, including Sylvia Breamer, directed by Maurice Tourneur.

Special Two Reel Tooneville Comedy and Pathe News

SATURDAY October 8

GOLDWIN SPECIAL PRODUCTIONS

will present George Ade's Sparkling Comedy

"JUST OUT OF COLLEGE"

with

Jack Pickford, Molly Malone, Irene Rich, George Hernandez, "Lefty" Flynn.

Also Century's New Side Splitting Comedy

"THE COUNTRY HEIR"

Come and Laugh

All Shows 11 and 22c

First show starts 7:15 sharp, second 9 except Saturday 3 shows 7, 8:30, 10 P. M.

SPECIAL MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY 3 P. M.

## COMING

ANITA STEWART IN

Paramount Cosmopolitan Production

Metro Screen Classic

"OLD KENTUCKY"

"APRIL FOLLY"

"SOME ONE IN THE HOUSE"

## EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF Annie C. Mowry, late of Juniata Township, Bedford County, Pa., Deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

Jacob H. Mowry,

Executor.

New Buena Vista, Pa.

Charles R. Mock,

Attorney.

Hartley Bank Building, Bedford, Pa.

Sept. 9, Oct. 14.

A GREAT SALE OF MONUMENTS AT BIG REDUCTIONS.

We must reduce our stock of finished monuments before winter. Now is the time to buy. A cent well spent is to send a postal card asking for our Representative to call or for getting our prices before placing your order elsewhere. Mail orders receive best attention. While on your automobile tour visit our yards. Both yards on the National Highway.

J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,

MARBLE & GRANITE DEALERS

FOR 44 YEARS

99 N. Centre St., Cumberland, Md.

60 E. Union St., Frostburg, Md.

Sept. 23—30.

## SPRING HOPE

Mrs. Rebecca Callahan is spending some time visiting her son, Elwood Callahan, and other friends.

Walter Miller and wife and baby, of Fyan, and Herbert Suter, wife and children were Sunday visitors at John Blattenbergers.



## Ross A. Sprigg

is now exclusive representative in

BEDFORD COUNTY

for

This scientific Tonic makes Layers out of Loafers. It makes your hens lay every day in fall and winter when eggs are scarce and prices are high.

## REEFER'S MORE EGGS

is backed by the million dollar National Reserve Bank of Kansas City, Mo., and is sold for 3 packages for \$1.00 on the iron-bound, copper-riveted guarantee that it must prove satisfactory or you can have your money back any time you want it.

## REEFER'S MORE EGGS

builds bone—and makes strong muscles. It stimulates your hens and makes a champion layer out of the ordinary back yard hen.

## REEFER'S MORE EGGS

Start using it today and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. I will give 1 pkg. extra to you.

## ROSS A. SPRIGG

Exclusive Agent

323 East John Street

Bedford, Pa.

## Cleaning a Photograph.

To clean a photograph wipe with a soft cloth wrung out in warm water and a little ammonia and dry with another cloth.